

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A CHRISTMAS IDEA FOR GERMANY

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Two

TWO MEN AND A LITTLE CART

30 YEARS AGO ON A COUNTRY ROAD

The Father Whose Boy Was To Grow Up and Be Famous

FIRST MAN OF FRANCE

It is possible that some travellers who visited the Puy-de-Dôme in the French Province of Auvergne thirty years ago may remember the rugged mountains facing the north-east where the ground is naked and, as they say, "gives nothing for nothing."

The travellers may remember coming across two men trudging with a cart, the older man with wrinkled face and heavy beard, the youth in knickers with bare legs and wooden shoes. Both walked with long strides behind a lean and sorry nag. The ancient cart was loaded with cheap tinware and other household necessities; at times it bore vegetables and fruit. Sometimes father and son dealt in old clothes and in anything that came their way. They were poor; but the tramps and the beggars spoke well of them, for they knew when to be generous.

Little Pierre

Under beating rain or burning sun, in spite of snow, mud, or dust, these two went from village to village, welcomed heartily by the peasants, who dealt willingly with these two of their own kind, for everybody understood their honesty.

Those who knew our two dealers with curious looks would often notice that the youth, whose wooden sabots clattered on the stony roads more than the shoes of the little worn-out horse, drew from his pocket a book which he read with the utmost attention.

The older man was called Laval; the son who helped him faithfully, with such good heart, bore the Christian name of Pierre. The schoolmasters and priests of the Puy-de-Dôme were never tired of pointing him out to the other children. "See, his father is too poor to send him to school," they would say, "but little Pierre makes up for it by working in the evenings, or even studying as they trudge along the road. He is the most knowing lad hereabouts; he will go far. Perhaps you will be lucky if, a little later, he lets you clean his shoes."

The Prime Minister

This little Pierre, the son of the old hawker, was born at Châteldon in 1883; he is now only 48, and is Prime Minister of France. He is called to play a leading part in French politics in the years which are coming in conjunction with men whose names we already know, such as Poincaré, Tardieu, and Briand.

How came he from the hawker's cart to the Palais Bourbon in Paris? Well, there are means in France for giving opportunities to poor boys who are

Hockey on the Sands



The broad sands of Weston-super-Mare provide splendid hockey pitches for the schoolgirls of the town. Here are four of them listening to the advice of their games-mistress.

worth it, and he went on to school and university. Then he took up law, and soon afterwards he entered the French Parliament as an extreme Socialist. Now he binds himself to no party. During the war he attracted the notice of M. Briand, who made him his secretary. He has held posts in the ministries of both Briand and Tardieu, and in January 1931 was called upon to form a ministry himself.

What kind of a man is he today? He is slow of thought and slower still of speech, but, having once thought a thing out, he knows what he wants and is not to be moved. Those who know him well say that he looks "a bit silly," and that his slow laugh bears it out, but they add that he is aware of this himself and uses the idea to gain time; behind the mask he is clear in thought and as courageous in expression as he is tenacious in maintaining his position against all opponents.

With his white necktie, his lock of hair falling over his forehead, his heavy lips with the eternal cigarette, it may

not be easy to see why and how M. Laval was able to attract Herr Brüning, the virtual Dictator of Germany, to Paris. But he possesses an extraordinarily intimate knowledge of men. When he speaks he has ideas rather than sentiments. If the sturdy peasantry are the real backbone of France, more so than the quicker-minded men of Paris, then the true France is represented at the head of her Government now.

THE STATE AND THE SNAIL

A little time ago the 40,000 mayors of the communes of France received an official circular marked Very Urgent, asking for information about the number of edible snails collected in 12 months.

It was also asked how many were consumed on the spot, and how many were sent to other parts of France or other countries.

The mayors soon found their task impracticable; and the State was saddled with the classifying of the 40,000 replies and with the salaries of the large staff required to handle the affair.

THE FLYING GOOSE OF WARSAW

A SURPRISE FOR A FALLING PILOT

The Stowaway in the Cockpit and What Happened to Him

NATURE'S OWN PARACHUTE

An odd little story comes from Poland.

During some air manoeuvres in Warsaw the pilot of one of the aeroplanes, while flying at 4000 feet, found himself faced with disaster. Strained unduly by a sudden banking turn, one of the plane's wings snapped and the machine began to spin crazily. Fortunately the pilot had been provided with a parachute, and he swiftly climbed out of the cockpit and threw himself clear of the plane.

Turning Over and Over

As he sped downward he saw the plane turn completely over and, to his amazement, saw a goose hurled out of the rear cockpit.

He at once recognised the bird as one which was kept on some land adjoining the aerodrome, and he guessed at once that the bird must have stowed itself away in the cockpit of the plane before it left the ground.

The fate of the goose seemed certain. To fall from such a height surely meant death. The pilot, as he drifted slowly downward, saw the white form turning over and over, and then, to his surprise, he saw the goose suddenly spread its wings and circle over the Lazienki Park in Warsaw.

As the pilot fell lightly to the ground, safe and sound, thanks to the parachute with which he was provided, he saw the bird wheeling over an open-air restaurant before it landed in the street, also safe and sound thanks to Nature's own parachute.

The Pet of the Aerodrome

People gasped as they saw the goose landing, and, thinking it a fine Christmas treat sent down from the heavens, were eager to seize it. Soldiers appeared and defended the property of the aerodrome, however. They tried to entice the goose to enter the gates, but it refused to surrender to any of the soldiers up to the dignity of a lance-corporal, and yielded only when a sergeant appeared on the scene.

From that day the goose has been made the pet of the Warsaw aerodrome, and struts about looking with lofty disdain on all the poor pilots who in case of emergency must rely on a parachute to carry them to earth.

The bird has even been honoured with a uniform, including an Air Force peaked cap and a bow tied round its neck; and to mark its great achievement it has been provided with an aluminium ring round its leg on which is a fitting tribute to Warsaw's Flying Goose.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

INTERNATIONAL ARMY OF GOODWILL

How the Christmas Season of Kindliness is Kept Everywhere

HELP ONE ANOTHER

It is safe to assume that there is scarcely a school in Europe or America, not to mention Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, where something kind is not being done just now.

For nearly a year the C.N. has been keeping some letters from schools on the Continent telling what they did to keep Christmas last year. It is fair to suppose that they are busy with the same sort of tasks today.

This is from a school in Austria, at Glashütte:

For our Christmas celebration we invited many small children. Some were brought by their parents; we called for the others and took them home when the party was over. First we sang carols around the lighted tree, then a magic-lantern. The children seemed to like that. Then came the best part: St Nicholas knocked at the door with his staff. He entered with the Little Jesus, who led in the seven dwarfs bearing gifts on a small sledge. The children were full of expectation. When the things had been distributed their eyes shone with happiness and we felt happy ourselves.

This is from an elementary school for girls in Czecho-Slovakia:

The second standard collected used clothes, mended and ironed them, and sent them off to a school at St Zubri. A St Nicholas party was held in the gymnasium. There were comical acts, dances, and carol singing, and presents were distributed. Out of the proceeds we sent 100 kronen to the elementary school at Bohumin and bought Christmas cakes for poor children. We bought cakes also for some old women in the almshouse, and took the Children's Home a supply of potatoes.

This is from a Junior Red Cross group of children in Germany:

A picture by Käthe Koolwitz, called The Workhouse, gave us the idea of visiting the almshouse in our town. One member of our class had already been there. She told us that it was nice and warm but that there were no pictures on the walls. We decided to decorate the rooms.

This is from the pupils of a Save-the-Children Fund Workroom in Hungary:

We entertained ten poor children, and gave each child clothing and sweets. We were delighted to hear on this day that a petition we sent to the Municipal Social Welfare Department had been granted, thanks to which a poor family will receive fuel, food, and clothing.

This is from the King's High School at Kielce in Poland:

We sent 296 copybooks to the Warsaw School for the Blind and 769 books to hospitals and children's homes.

All these enjoyments and charities are now being repeated all over the world.

In addition it is worth while remembering that 4000 young Hungarians from the schools of Budapest answered the appeal of Madame de Horthy, wife of the Governor, for sacks of food for the unemployed. Six thousand kilograms of food were collected; neatly tied in paper sacks they covered the castle yard.

We should like to report that the conditions which made all these efforts necessary last year had improved, but unfortunately we cannot. This is a Christmas when people all over Europe will be keeping St Martin in mind, and dividing their cloak with the man who is cold—one when we all need to remember that the human family is one.

A CAT'S TWO WEEKS

Finding the Old Home

REMARKABLE WALK FROM ROSS TO PONTYPOOL

We are very glad to hear that the Siamese cat is home again after her 30-mile walk.

She was taken from a house at Pontypool by a lady who wanted to give her as a present to somebody at Ross. She was not an ordinary cat; she was a Siamese cat, a special cat, the bluest of Conservatives. She liked things to go on just as they were in the good old way.

And, of course, no one asked her opinion as to whether she would like to be made a nice present of. She was just put in a basket and taken 30 miles to Ross. She grumbled a good deal on the way and made up her mind that she would be a long time before she looked over it. She was lifted out of her basket and given a saucer of milk, but that was the least thing anyone could do to a cat that had been taken 30 miles without permission.

A Fortnight Later

While she was still on her dignity a terrible thing happened. After stroking her and telling her to be a good little cat her mistress, whom secretly she loved, disappeared. She passed the kind of night only known to Siamese cats who have been made a present of, and with the morning she slipped out and was no more seen.

A fortnight passed. The new mistress and the old mistress had just begun to get over their grief at her untimely death when in she walked at Pontypool, large as life, said *Prrrp*, and began to wash herself. Of that hard journey through a wilderness of roads and lanes and big dogs she has never said a word, but she has made it quite clear she prefers the air of Pontypool. There is something soothing in it. Like a famous French marshal who had also been shut up against his will, she said *J'y suis, j'y reste*. Here she is and here she rests.

A FARM GOES BY TRAIN

Quite Simple by L.M.S.

At noon on the first day of December an entire farm got into a train at Ingleton in Yorkshire to arrive the next morning at Liphook in Hampshire, nearly three hundred miles away.

The passengers were accommodated in 13 carriages. In the first sat six tons of furniture; then came 150 sheep. No room! called 32 cattle out of the next window, so the three horses passed by the compartment where carts and farm implements were packed together, turned up their noses at the fussy crowd of poultry, and took a carriage by themselves. Then two dogs entered the train, in a hurry, and last of all came the farmer and his household.

Surely no train has had such a mixed cargo before, but the move was so successful that the L.M.S. hopes that any other farm wanting a change will let them know. The rest is simple, as Hamlet nearly said.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

1st edition Pickwick Papers ..	£1480
1st edition Vanity Fair, 1847..	£170
A silver cup, 1718	£153
Chinese porcelain cup	£110
3 silver sugar-casters, 1713 ..	£83
Dutch silver kettle	£74
George II silver kettle	£60

A leaf from a Gutenberg Bible printed about 1456 was sold for £40.

GERMANY AND THE WORLD

A Step To Save the Situation

GERMANY, we learn, is bringing her little navy up to date, and adopting the latest scientific devices to make it efficient for what it is worth. The battleships, cruisers, and gunboats are all furnished with Diesel engines. Germany is motorising her navy and giving up steam.

As our readers know, the Treaty of Versailles strictly limits the size of the German Navy, and Germany is determined that, as she can only have a few ships, they shall be the best that can be made.

We venture to ask, *What good is all this?* However efficient this little German Navy is made, its limited size makes it impossible for it to be of any use to Germany; she could not sustain a naval war even if she wished to do so.

Why then not make the excellent gesture of complete naval disarmament?

Why not meet the forthcoming Disarmament Conference with the plain statement that Germany, having accepted in good faith the Locarno Treaty and the Kellogg Pact, has determined to reduce her naval expenditure to nothing?

We venture to think that, while such a policy could do no possible harm to Germany, it would probably make a success, not only of the Disarmament Conference but of a revision of War Debts and Reparations.

German papers, please copy! It is a word from a recent enemy who desires nothing but the healing of differences and the good of all men.

DOIG

Who Was He?

Many famous men have passed along Red Lion Street, Holborn, and those still living remember it by Doig.

Doig was not a benefactor like Captain Coram, whose statue fronted his Foundling Hospital in the adjoining street, but many a boy and girl remembered Doig with gratitude.

He was a baker, and he baked the best and shiniest halfpenny bun to be had in London for the money. So Sir Arthur Pinero says, who used to buy and eat them sixty years ago.

As for Doig's penny buns, sweet and square, they contained an extraordinary number of currants. No other bun or baker could compete.

But Doig's fame did not end with buns. His loaf, which he labelled the Poor Man's Friend, was a friend indeed, for in a poor and dingy neighbourhood there was none so cheap.

Doig deserved well of his generation and passed on, but his fame and his shop remained. One of the elderly people who testifies to its merits recalls that it was afterwards kept by two ladies of great character.

A customer who went in one wet day remarked "What a wretched morning." The prim little lady on the other side of the counter at once rejoined "Call nothing wretched that the Lord sends."

Clearly Doig's lesson of well-doing did not end with his life or his buns.

There are between three and four million dogs in England now.

15 MEN ON THE POOP

THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN THE ARCTIC

Sixty Hours of Shipwreck 25 Yards From Land

THE UNSEEN SEARCHERS

A thrilling story comes from Bear Island in the Arctic.

The British trawler Howe was driven ashore on that dismal coast by a gale. At first the crew hoped for rescue, but as nearly three days crept by they lost hope. The Arctic daylight lasts only two hours at this time, and so nearly all the sixty hours spent on the wreck were spent in darkness.

That was not the worst. As the ship filled with water the fifteen men on board had to crowd on to the poop, which is sixteen feet square. There was not room to move about and keep themselves warm, and they were constantly drenched by the huge waves sweeping over them.

If the temperature had not been higher than usual they would have been frozen into ice blocks.

There they were, hungry, thirsty, frost-bitten; and only 25 yards away was the land. But it was a precipice three hundred feet high.

Hauled Up the Cliff

On that land, if they could only have known, were a hundred men searching for them. The crews of 25 trawlers were seeking in the darkness, all unknown and unseen by the shipwrecked men, and on the other side of the island their vessels were lying safe. At last a party led by the Elf King's captain discovered the wreck. We are sure that everybody concerned felt that it was a hundred times better than coming into a fortune.

For a long time they failed to get a rope on to the wreck, but it was done in the end, and all the fifteen shipwrecked men were hauled up the cliff by lifebuoy.

They were taken to the wireless station for warmth and food and first-aid. One man had to be taken to Tromsø Hospital, but the others were fit to go to England aboard the Elf King.

That is the way we get our fish. When Queen Elizabeth made a law that no one was to eat meat on Friday she was determined that on one day at least her fishermen should find a good market to reward their perilous toil. It was not a bad law.

THINGS SAID

We must fortify Justice, not justify Force. Signor Grandi

All the liquid our nature requires can be found in fresh water. The Chief Scout

Unless our creed is the principle of our lives we do not believe it. Dean Inge

As Home Secretary I learned that we have a very hard working King. Mr Clynes

There has been a great decrease in the consumption of beer. The Brewers Society

One in four of our pit ponies was killed last year. Pit Ponies Protection Society

I never met a man who had won money by luck who was happier for it. Chaplain of Marlborough College

I believe in hard work and a merry heart that goes all the way. Sir J. Crichton-Browne at 91

We shall get through by the action of reasonable people and not by politicians. Sir George Paish

A thimbleful of tears can dissolve and annihilate 50,000 million germs in a few minutes. Dr Roche Lynch

I was first of all enraptured with the glory of this world; and then I came to thank God for it. Mr G. K. Chesterton

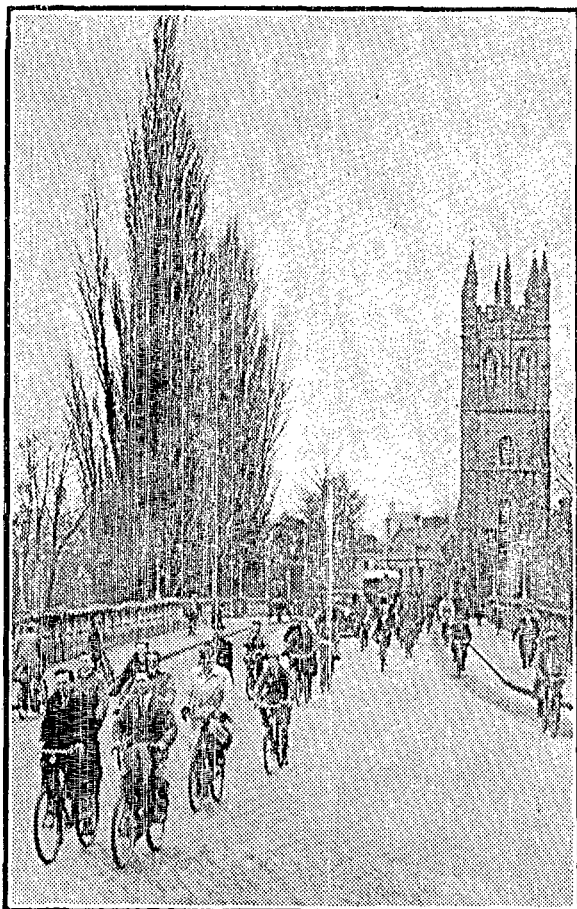
SKIPPING ON THE ROOF · FLYING DAIRYMAIDS · LIFT FOR SHIPS



Six Quaint Little Maids—These six little maids of a village in Hessen, Germany, were very interested in the occasional traffic which passed by their farm, but a photographer who happened that way was also interested and this picture was the result.



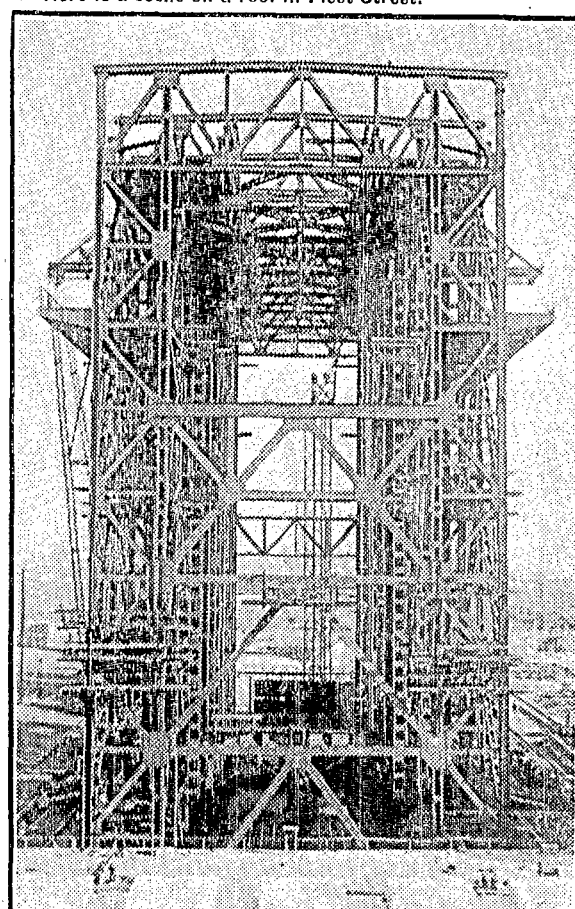
Skipping on the Roof—All athletes know the benefits of skipping, and many London business girls find it an excellent form of exercise which can be taken during the midday break on the office roof. Here is a scene on a roof in Fleet Street.



A Town on Wheels—Oxford might be called the City of Wheels, for in few towns is the bicycle more common. Here is a familiar scene on Magdalen Bridge at midday.



Little Miss Muffet—We all remember the old nursery rhyme of Little Miss Muffet. Here is a little Miss Muffet in real life, Miss Muffet Clarke, in the dress she wore at a wedding.



A Ship Lift—This huge structure is a lift on the Hohenzoller Canal in Germany. When completed ships up to a thousand tons will be raised 110 feet in five minutes.



Flying Dairymaids—After the London busmen, London milkmen and dairymaids are forming their own flying club. Here some of the girls, who are employed by a large dairy firm, are seen inspecting a plane on their first visit to the aerodrome.



Exhibition by Students—The Association of Students Sketch Club is holding its first exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where pictures from several London art schools are being shown. Some of the pictures are seen here being prepared for hanging.

THE MOTOR-CYCLE

IS IT OUR MOST DANGEROUS VEHICLE?

The Little Mechanical Wonder Bobbing In and Out of Traffic

A DEFENCE

The C.N. has already opened its columns to a defence of the motor-cycle, which we have frequently criticised as a dangerous vehicle, and we have once again received protests from those who differ from us on this subject.

A statement in the C.N. the other day that motor-cycles are the most dangerous machines on the road has been criticised by two responsible authorities among our readers.

We acknowledge at once that the motor-cycle is one of the most remarkable triumphs of ingenuity this century has produced, and our manufacturers, who now supply 60 per cent of the world's exports of motor-cycles, entirely deserve their success.

Adventurous Youth

The sense of danger they excite among other users of the road is no doubt largely due to the great number of their riders who, relying on powerful brakes, take greater risks in traffic than drivers of other vehicles do. We have known them again and again (and again) cut in recklessly, relying on their great speed and small size to clear the vehicle they are passing.

The average age of their riders, too, is lower than that of other drivers, and a youth is naturally more adventurous.

A keen motorist after 25 years on the road tells us that even today the motorcyclist causes him more anxiety than anything else he encounters, and needs far more watching.

Proportion of Accidents

Still, we wish to be quite fair to the motorcyclist, and we willingly give publicity to this statement from a letter sent to us by the Secretary of the R.A.C.

A vehicle can be said to be dangerous either because it causes a large number of accidents or because it is particularly liable to cause death or injury to pedestrians.

The Return of Street Accidents issued by the Home Office for 1930 shows that motorcyclists were responsible for 31 per cent of the motor-vehicle accidents reported in Great Britain, while they were responsible for 12 per cent of the pedestrians killed and 21 per cent of those injured.

When it is remembered that in that year motorcyclists represented 32 per cent of the motor-vehicle population, it is easy to see that the conclusive evidence of the street accident figures themselves signally fails to confirm the belief that motor-cycles are dangerous.

It seems to us that when we consider its weight and its more powerful brakes these figures, though smaller in proportion to other vehicles, are still much higher than they should be.

Benefits to Health

A further letter on this subject reaches us from the Director of the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Manufacturers Union, who writes from Coventry giving us similar figures, and adding:

Yet, when we view the procession of glorious young manhood and radiant girlhood which passes along the King's highway on motor-cycles, we are bound to admit that the toll of life on the roads, serious as it may be, is cancelled out again and again in the ledger of national health by the wonderful benefits conferred by the motor-cycle and outdoor life. The motor-cycle offers to the workers of our great cities almost the only practical means by which they can spend in the open air the brief leisure civilisation allots to them.

We do not agree that the gain in health is worth the loss of life and the anxiety involved to all users of the road; but we gladly give the point of view of those who criticise our own.

THE SILVER LADY MOVES ON

Comedy of a Coffee Stall

TRAFALGAR SQUARE
ALL SMILES

Once the Silver Lady flitted through a page of the C.N. as we told her story.

She was the tender-hearted woman who night by night slipped out from her London home to carry help to London's homeless and destitute.

Behind her she left a trail of silver coins and kindness, and the homeless bundles of misery who look hungrily at the midnight coffee stalls of London called her the Silver Lady. That was her public life. In private she was and is Miss Betty Baxter.

Like Poor Joe in Bleak House, she is still moving on. In the tale of Charles Dickens the police were always moving on the wail of the streets. It is their orders, and orders apply even to charitable Miss Betty Baxter when, as in her latest act of mercy, she provides a coffee stall, with a mug of tea or coffee and a slice of bread and dripping, free.

A Cheery Scene

For this kind of hospitality a queue most naturally forms, especially when the host is the Silver Lady; but the police instruction is that queues must not form up to receive free meals.

Consequently Miss Baxter set her wits to work, and she does not stand still. Perhaps she never does stand still. But in this instance her canteen, mounted on a motor-van, moves on and on. It made three circuits of Trafalgar Square as slowly as it could, and the poor, the cold, the hungry, followed it round, taking their rations as it went.

Then they clustered, like hungry sparrows, on step and coping to take their meal at ease, and to return the empty mugs when the canteen came round again.

It was a cheery scene in the small hours of the morning, when Trafalgar Square, except for its bright lights, is drained of most of the busy life which fills it in the day. It is never empty, but its chief population then are the poor, the police, and the Silver Lady.

Good Work Well Done

The whole Square seemed to smile. The down-and-outs smiled at the police, the police, owning themselves defeated, smiled at the Silver Lady, and she smiled at the consciousness of good work well done.

Lest it should have been forgotten, the C.N. recalls once more that she is the granddaughter of the Rev Michael Baxter, and she says that she is doing no more than spending the money he left to carry on his work among the destitute.

This is one of the queer little things that happen in this world and have the strangest impulses behind them. Sometimes they are sensible and sometimes mistaken. We cannot always say which, but charity, even when as indiscriminate as the grain that some scatter to feed the London pigeons, must always warm the heart of some deserving folk.

THE BILL FOR THE BOOST

Mr Chaplin in a Back Seat

We hardly know which was the more humiliating spectacle of two lately presented to the British public.

One was that of the Lord Mayor, the Prime Minister, a member of the Royal Family, and Mahatma Gandhi, all in turn being ingeniously and unwittingly exploited by a publicity agent to boost a film star.

The other was that of the refusal of the film actor to pay for it. The appearance of the case in court was the only flaw in the advertising campaign.

Can we wonder that for once Charlie Chaplin took a back seat?

A CONQUEROR AND HIS CHIEF OF STAFF

Two Warriors in Great Causes

UNITED IN LIFE AND DEATH

One of our conquerors has passed away in Sir David Bruce.

The conquests of his long and honoured life were those over disease, against which he was a notable and untiring warrior. His campaigns were very largely conducted in tropical or semi-tropical countries. The foes he vanquished or helped to remove were the diseases of nagana fever among stock animals in Africa, sleeping sickness in the same continent, and Malta, or Gibraltar or Mediterranean fever.

Married Nearly 50 Years

In all his work his Chief-of-Staff was his devoted wife. They had been married nearly fifty years. She was with him when he was in Natal studying the causes of nagana fever, which he showed was caused by an organism known as a trypanosome carried by the tsetse-fly. She remained with him when as an officer of the Army Medical Corps he was shut up in Ladysmith during the Boer War.

Everywhere she accompanied him, and was his companion in the last dark journey over the river to the other side, for she died only a few days before him. When the news was brought to him on his own bed of sickness he said, knowing his own end was nigh, "Should any notice appear about myself be sure that my wife gets full credit for all the work she has done to assist me."

That was almost his last injunction, and those among us who seek to honour him can do no better than fulfil it.

An Epitaph

The circumstances of their passing recall, with the pronouns reversed, the epitaph of Sir Henry Wotton.

*He first deceased, she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.*

Their work will live after them.

The conquest of Malta Fever, which Ross was first to attribute to the carriage of the germ in goat's milk, has removed a scourge from the Europeans who live on the islands or borders of the Mediterranean. The identification of the germ of the tsetse-fly carried disease, and the discovery that the fly *Glossina Palpalis* similarly carries the germ of sleeping sickness in Africa will lift sooner or later the burden of those afflictions from the Dark Continent.

THE PEACE BOARD

Points Scored in November

The League Council decided on a commission to send to Manchuria representatives of two smaller Powers as well as Britain, France, and America.

The Bank of International Settlements was asked to summon a committee to inquire into Germany's difficulties.

Signor Grandi visited Washington and stated the wish of Italy to cooperate in all matters for the common good.

The European Committee studied the Russian proposal for an economic pact.

The Central Banks of nine States of Central and South-Eastern Europe sent representatives to Prague to consider economic cooperation.

Eleven creditor countries were invited to send representatives to Berlin to discuss Germany's private debts.

Greece and Bulgaria found a friendly solution of their dispute about debt repayments and exchanging populations.

Fifty Governments accepted a truce to armaments for one year.

France decided to lend pictures from the Louvre for exhibition in London.

Closer cooperation rather than union was agreed upon for Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika.

The Round Table Conference in London achieved much success.

THE ENDLESS TROUBLE OF THE WAR BILL

Germany And Her Payments

THE DISTRESS THAT TOUCHES EVERY HOME

Under the Young Plan, which reduced the German war payments arranged by the Dawes Plan of 1924, Germany has the right to claim revision.

The great fall in prices of the last few years has now wiped out the whole of the advantage given to Germany by the Young Plan, which unfortunately made no provision for prices varying. This omission shows only too plainly how blind our statesmen were, how blind even the wisest men in the world were, as to the possibilities of a drastic fall in prices.

The Bank of International Settlements set up under the Young Plan has now appointed a committee to go into the whole question, and great importance attaches to the committee's decision. While this has been going on troubles in Germany have been increasing, and the position of the Government has become extremely difficult.

France Wants Repayment

In addition to her difficulty in meeting the heavy payments under the Young Plan (postponed for the time by President Hoover's war debts holiday) Germany owes large sums which she has borrowed for short periods. She owes about £60,000,000 to British lenders, and a further £170,000,000 to American, French, Belgian, and Dutch lenders. Part of the money our financiers have lent to Germany on short credit was borrowed by them from French financiers. Now that France wants repayment Germany cannot repay us. Thus the troubles of one country react upon another.

Thus a heavy cloud still hangs over Europe, paralysing all enterprise and bringing distress in some measure to almost every home.

THE BRITISH WHEAT QUOTA

What It Means

OUR BREAD MAY COST US MORE

The Government announced on November 26 that they had decided to help the British wheat farmer by applying the principle of a wheat quota.

This means that in future all flour milled in this country must include a proportion (or quota) of British wheat.

It also means that when we eat our bread we shall know that it contains a minimum proportion of British corn.

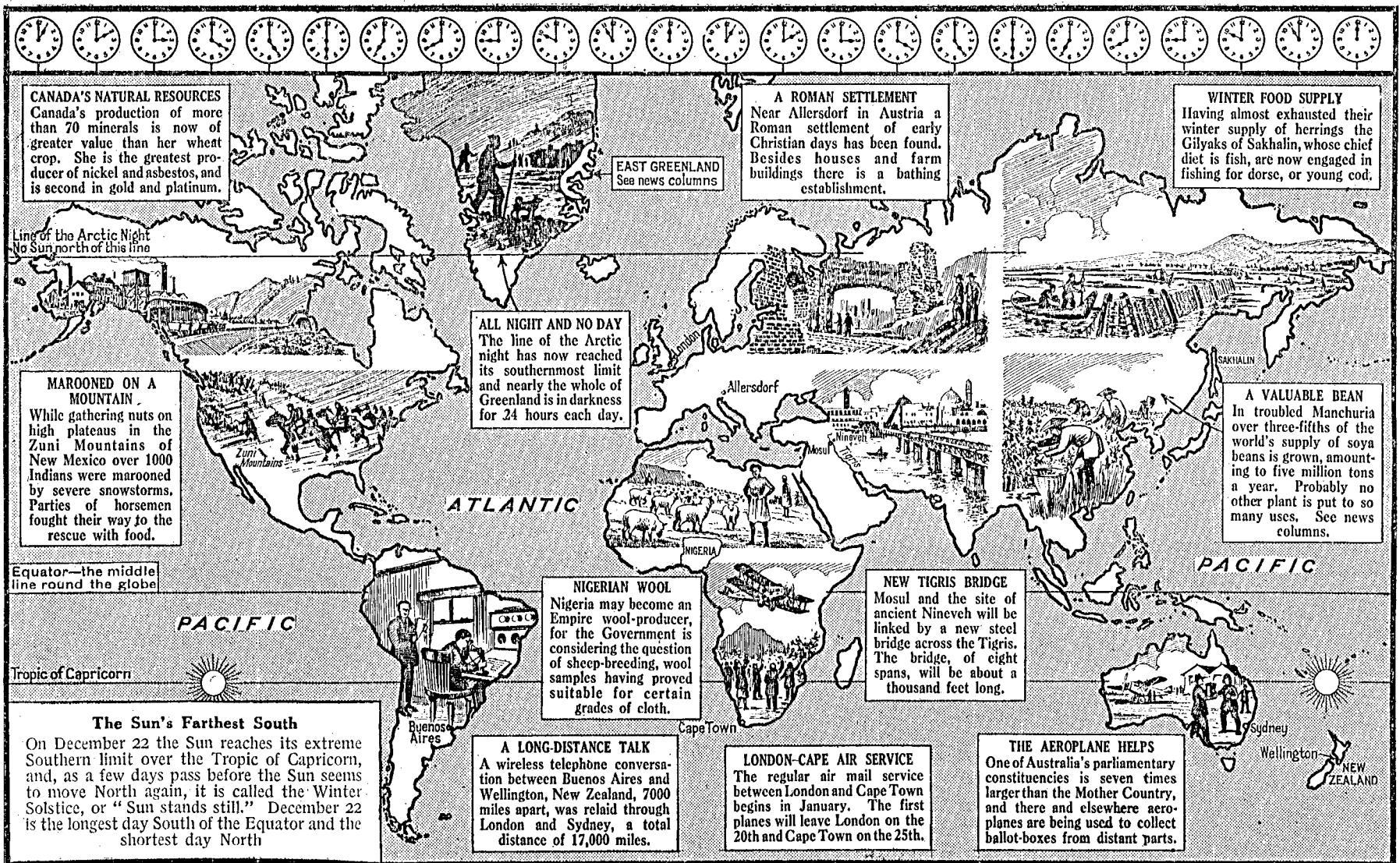
The obvious effect of this measure will be to encourage British wheat-growing, which, owing to the drastic fall in prices, has sunk to a dangerous low ebb. As the influence of the wheat crop on agriculture generally is very great, the measure will affect agriculture as a whole.

As British millers will thus be compelled to buy a definite amount of British wheat the price of British wheat will rise. The price of flour will rise with it, and therefore there may be an increase in the price of bread.

This increase ought not to be very great. There will be a certain limitation of the price of British wheat imposed by the Government in order to protect the consumer.

The Government has announced that it intends to limit the imports of luxury agricultural and horticultural products of a non-essential character—such, for example, as early potatoes.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



JOAN'S FLAG

Made by a Scotsman and Remade by an Englishman

Hamish Power was at work 500 years ago. Strange to say, he was at work in Tours: it seems that France had to send to Scotland for so good a craftsman.

One day a great task was laid upon him; he was to make a standard for Joan of Arc.

Hamish must have been one of the proudest men in France, for Joan was then at the height of her glory, and was looked upon as the divinely-inspired champion of her country.

Very splendid was the standard Hamish made; and, although it dropped to dust long ago, we know just what it was like, because it was described in 1456.

Professor E. W. Tristram, the great restorer and reproducer of medieval art, who has done so many fine things of the kind, has just reproduced the famous standard, and it is to be given to France this year, 500 years after Joan's death at the stake in Rouen, deserted by her king and condemned by her priests.

The standard is pennon-shaped and over 13 feet long. On a fine cream bunting Professor Tristram has painted a picture of Christ in a red robe holding up His hand in blessing, while on either side kneel green-gowned angels.

On two blue bands appear the names of Jesus and His Mother, and the ground is sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lys. A silver dove on a blue shield appears on the reverse of the standard, and from the dove's beak comes a scroll bearing Joan's motto.

Professor Tristram is the one man, in all England who knows all about medieval art. He has saved and restored many a medieval wall painting for us, and now for Joan of Arc's sake he has turned standard-maker.

It is strange that Joan's two standards should have come from the hands of a Scotsman and an Englishman.

Picture on page 9

A LADY'S FORTUNE

The Bride of Long Ago

A brave old lady has just died leaving £120 to charity. It took her all her life to save it.

Long ago she was a happy young bride, but in two years her husband was dead, and she gave up the little home. She wiped her eyes and set out to find work.

She found it, but it was hard work on the land. But she toiled at it, as domestic servant and farm hand, scrubbing or hoeing with equal cheerfulness.

Nowadays farmers cannot afford to pay high wages, but she managed to put by a little, bit by bit.

And now Mrs Ann Gray is gone, and her neighbours are astonished to find that she had a secret. She had a little nest-egg put by for charity.

When we think of what it cost Ann Gray to save that money we feel that it ought to be worth more than £120. It was worth more to her. Often when she was tired it must have given her fresh heart to think, "Well, I'm not living on charity, and when I die I shall leave a little fortune to those who are worse off."

It is good to think that stalwart Ann Gray was an Englishwoman.

THE WONDERFUL LADY

OF 105

Emsworth has lost its Jewel, and a wonderful old lady of 105 has reached her long rest.

It is only four months since she was smiling at us from the front page of the C.N., with a younger lady, aged 103, by her side.

Now she has left us, but we shall not soon forget Mrs Jane Anne Jewell of Emsworth, whose interest in the world never flagged, whose hands were busy, even at 105, knitting for people working in the Mission Field, and who knew so much better than most of us the secret of growing old beautifully.

WHIPSNADÉ AFRAID

OF A RAT

A Dangerous Vegetarian

The Zoo is not afraid of a lion, but Whipsnade has been afraid of a rat!

They do not mind lions or wolves or bison at the country branch of London's Zoo, but when someone brought them a little musk-rat the other day they looked very grave and packed it off to London as soon as possible.

Musk-rats are jolly little fellows and not at all fierce, but the Whipsnade people were fearful when they heard that this one had been caught at Luton; they thought no more dangerous beast could get loose in England, and so they would not keep it.

Private people are breeding musk-rats in England for their fur, and this little chap must have escaped from such a farm. In 1905 a pair escaped from a private estate near Prague. They had a family, and the family had families. Now there are over a hundred millions of them.

With their burrows they have undermined railway embankments and dams. They have spoiled roads and ruined waterworks. No one would have dreamed that so much damage could be done by a small vegetarian animal like the musk-rat.

Such a plague have musk-rats become that in several European countries it is now illegal to keep one, or even to transport one through the country.

As they only feed by night they are hard to shoot, and as they do not eat meat they are hard to poison or trap. They bid fair to prove as great a curse to Europe as the rabbit proves to Australia.

PICKFORD'S GREEN

Pickford's Green (he has been with the famous carrying firm for fifty years) has just retired on a pension. His father was with the firm for 53 years, and a brother for 43; and James Green has two sons also driving Pickford vans. We wish them well.

THE CUCKOO IS SINGING

Remarkable Flight of 1000 Miles

A FRIEND ACROSS THE WORLD

A number of birds are called cuckoos besides the cuckoo that is so familiar in our own countryside.

Two kinds visit New Zealand in summer and fly off toward the Equator when autumn comes. They are called the shining cuckoo and the long-tailed cuckoo, and, like all the cuckoos, they migrate to avoid the winter, and have the bad habit of making other birds rear their offspring.

About the beginning of October the notes of the shining cuckoo are heard by New Zealanders. The bird is supposed to come from the warmer lands of New Caledonia, New Guinea, and Queensland.

To reach New Zealand the cuckoo would have to fly at least 1000 miles, as a glance at the C.N. Picture Map will show us. No other migratory bird flies as far as that in a single stage, except one more visitor to New Zealand, the godwit, which spends the northern summer in Siberia and the southern summer in New Zealand.

Godwits always travel high up in the heavens to escape the storms, and in this way they are like the swallows.

The shining cuckoo is heard at the north end of New Zealand about the end of September, and in October it is heard as far south as Stewart Island at the extreme south.

The call of the shining cuckoo is very different from the European cuckoos, and bird-lovers consider its musical call much more pleasant in the spring than the monotonous note of the bird that announces springtime in England.

The shining cuckoo gets its name from its glossy plumage. It has a striped breast of white and bronze bars by which it is easily recognisable.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 19, 1931

Buying and Selling

WE are all for Buying British (and Selling British too), and we earnestly hope our readers will help in improving the balance of trade by doing all they can to employ British labour.

The position of the buyer, however, is a very difficult one in relation to many articles, and there is great danger of misdirection of the national effort because the housewife cannot tell whether a thing is British or not.

When garments or hardware are bought it is difficult for the purchaser to know whether the materials are British. If a gardening enthusiast buys a hose-reel made of galvanised iron, how is he to know whether the iron was fashioned in England, Belgium, Germany, or France? Even if the hose-reel itself is made here the purchaser knows nothing of the origin of the material.

So it is with many other articles. Neither shopkeeper nor purchaser can always tell whether articles are truly British.

Another very important consideration arises. So many people are talking loosely about shutting out imports that it is time to remind ourselves that if every country stopped its imports the world's trade would come to an end and each country would be found trying to live on its own materials, which would be absurd. How ridiculous it is to think of each country exporting without importing! *We cannot sell to a country unless we buy from it.* We only export to obtain imports, and if we do not want imports we ought not to export.

For this reason also the nation requires guidance from its Government. If the Government so modifies imports as to cause the right things to be imported, the purchaser can go ahead and buy what is offered for sale without qualms, knowing that the Government, in collaboration with the Board of Trade and the great trade associations of masters and men, producers and consumers, is modifying imports as far as they ought to be modified and no more.

If the matter is merely left to the consumer the consumer will be sorely puzzled. We shall find him refusing to buy things which in the name of common sense he ought to buy, while, on the other hand, he will be buying things called British when they are not British at all.

We do not want to see a British child refused the enjoyment of a clever and beautiful toy while its parents are innocently buying foreign things whose origin is wrapt in mystery. And we do want to see trade unhampered by short-sighted restrictions which work more harm than good. If we sell we must buy. *We must take payment for our exports.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



English as She is Murdered

THE B.B.C. is rightly anxious to guard our beautiful English speech. In America they are not so particular.

A New York announcer one evening wound up with this sentence, which the listener wrote down at the time:

Well, I guess I'll be getting off the air now. I'll buzz along tomorrow night about this time with another careful of news.

Earlier in the evening, in speaking of an aeroplane accident, he had mentioned that a swimmer in the sea dove under a boat.

Will our English grammar books please note this past tense of the verb *to dive*, and will all C.N. readers do what they can to save from murder the loveliest thing on Earth, our mother tongue?

A Man and His Money

I have more than I want, and I have had nothing; and the difference in happiness has been negligible.

Bernard Shaw

Money is wasted on a man like that.

Peter Puck

Who Would You Like to Be?

THE time for indoor games is here again. One we were caught at the other day was made up of questions, and we were asked to answer this:

What sort of person would you like to be?

Immediately our thoughts went to a phrase in a letter written by Joseph Conrad to a bereaved cousin. Speaking of a lost friend he said:

I had a profound affection for him; I always went to him in my thoughts.

That is the sort of person we should like to be, but as it was a party it was hardly suitable to tell anything so secret and we just wrote down:

Proprietor of a bird-cage shop, so that we could let all the birds out.

One Who Never Turned His Back

THE house in Venice where Robert Browning wrote his last poem has been bought by the city and is to be preserved as a museum of beautiful things. These are the last words Browning wrote there, the last words of his last poem, telling us how our great Optimist would like to be remembered as

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No; at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—
fight on, fare ever,
There as here!"

Take No More and Pay No More?

I SUGGEST that the time has arrived when in the spirit of the Balfour Note and in view of the lead given by Mr Hoover (which no one in a responsible position in America knew to mean anything else than the first step toward cancellation of war debts) this country might say:

We will away with all follies of peace treaty finance. We will take no more, we will pay no more. Let us make frank confession of folly, recognition of wrong, and, if you like, default in sham and fraud.

Sir Ernest Benn

Tip-Cat

THE Best Jokes of the War are being run in some of our papers. The best we know is that it was a war to end war.

ONE of these marvellous hair fashion dictators has decreed that hair must be worn featherblown. Better, at least, than flyblown.



MR GANDHI was once a lawyer. Evidently lost his suit.

BY taking thought, someone reminds us, we ought to be able to add a

cubit to our stature. The thought must be elevating.

WHAT happens to all the pins? asks a correspondent. Evidently a person who comes to the point.

AN airman must keep his temper, says one of them. He must not fall out with his pilot.

A MOTOR salesman declared he could drive anything. Especially a good bargain.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SIR JOHN LEIGH, M.P., has given £10,000 to promote work for the Lancashire unemployed.

OVER a hundred people offered a home to an old horse owned by the Southgate Council.

A SHILLING FUND for the nation in two Kent villages realised £32.

MEMBERS of the Turkish Parliament have voted for reducing their own salaries.

FIJI has offered a gift of £5000 to the British Treasury.

THE MAYOR OF BLACKBURN has returned to the town £600 of his £1000 salary.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not strange that it is the victorious nations of the war that are now afraid?

When William Came From Normandy

In Surrenden-Dering Park in Kent the deer have grazed since 1066. The taxes on deer-grazing land are now very high, but it is hoped the deer will remain at Surrenden.

WHEN William came from Normandy,
And Harold was the king,
About the fields of Surrenden
They heard the thrushes sing.

THEY told the news of Hastings field,
And many an ancient thing;
And through the Kentish villages
They heard the curfew ring.

WHEN William came from Normandy
The little wild deer strayed
About the park of Surrenden
With coats like sun and shade.

DOWN through the years at Surrenden
The young oaks grew until
Now on the green and golden grass
Their mighty shadows spill;

AND like a mist-blue wall afar
Still watches Charing Hill,
And, children of those deer of old,
The fallow deer graze still.

Marjorie Wilson

A Child's Christmas Hymn

TREAD softly round the manger where
The little Christ-child lies,
For slumber calm has stolen down
And kissed His smiling eyes.

OH, see how tender Mary stoops
To croon a lullaby,
And then how patiently she waits
To soothe His smallest cry.

AND as she watches o'er His sleep
Sweet voices to her sing
Of how her Babe will one day be
The world's most mighty king.

SLEEP on, dear Babe, for even now
Thy life of sorrow dawns,
And shadows mark upon Thy brow
A little crown of thorns.

Richard Huson

60 Millions Like These

This passage about the Untouchables of India was one of the last things said at the Round Table Conference, the speaker being Rao Bahadur Srinivasan. There are 60 millions of these unhappy people.

THE Depressed Classes live a completely isolated life from the rest of the Hindus. The Hindu priest will not officiate at the house of an untouchable; and will not allow him to enter his temple. The Hindu barber will not shave him. The Hindu washerman will not wash his clothes. The Hindu will not eat with him, much less intermarry with him. We can conceive no greater social separation between any two communities than that which exists between the touchable and untouchable Hindus.

He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Jesus

THE GOOD WAY AND THE BAD WAY SCANDINAVIA AND MANCHURIA

Three Prime Ministers Talk to the People About a Crisis LET THERE BE PEACE

By Our League Correspondent

A good example of the old way and the new way of dealing with world affairs is afforded by the spectacles of two existing disputes—one in Manchuria and the other in Scandinavia.

Norway and Denmark have a very serious difference of opinion over East Greenland, but they have not, nor do they intend to, come to blows over it.

What is their quarrel, and how are they seeking to settle it?

The Dispute About Greenland

Greenland was discovered and colonised by Norwegians about 1000 A.D. From 1261 this new State acknowledged the suzerainty of Norway, but later, when Norway and Denmark were under one Danish king, the colony completely died out. Then it was started again by a Norwegian pastor, named Egede, of Danish descent, whom both nations claim. By a treaty in 1814, which separated Norway from Denmark, though Norway never ratified it, Denmark was allowed to keep Greenland, as well as Iceland and the Faroe Islands. But lately Norwegian hunters have hunted a good deal in Greenland, and Denmark, while making no objections, insists on the right to grant licences to show her sovereignty. To this the Norwegians reply that Denmark has only the right to the colonised part and the rest is No Man's Land.

Quite recently both countries have increased their activities and expeditions, and in order to end this race for supremacy Denmark proposed to go to The Hague Court to settle the question.

No Man's Land

Then a queer thing happened. Norwegians protested that the Court could only decide that the territory was either Danish or No Man's Land; so no real settlement could be reached. They therefore pressed their Government for an actual occupation, but the Government then in power was unwilling to take such a step. Then some Norwegian hunters took matters in their own hands, occupied a coastal strip of about 300 miles, planted a Norwegian flag, and claimed it in the name of the king. The new Government then had to decide whether to recognise this or not. It decided to do so, in order to get a clear answer from The Hague Court.

World Welfare First

What happened next? How did Denmark meet this new situation? The Prime Ministers of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden met publicly at Hamar in Norway, and spoke to a very large audience. The Swedish Premier spoke of the need of cooperation and for working always for great international aims. The Norwegian Premier reminded the people of the good relations existing between Norway and Sweden since their peaceful separation in 1905, and hoped the same feeling of freedom and friendship would soon include Denmark. Then the Danish Premier spoke very frankly about the Norwegian aggression in Greenland. He said the Danes now expected that the Norwegians would commit no further acts of aggression, that they would deal with the affair in a better spirit while awaiting the decision of The Hague Court, and that they would cooperate sincerely for the welfare of Scandinavia and the world.

So, while the military party of Japan imagines itself to be still in the Middle Ages and acts accordingly, Scandinavia recognises the new methods of conducting world affairs and makes use of them.

THE SAD STATE OF U.S.A.

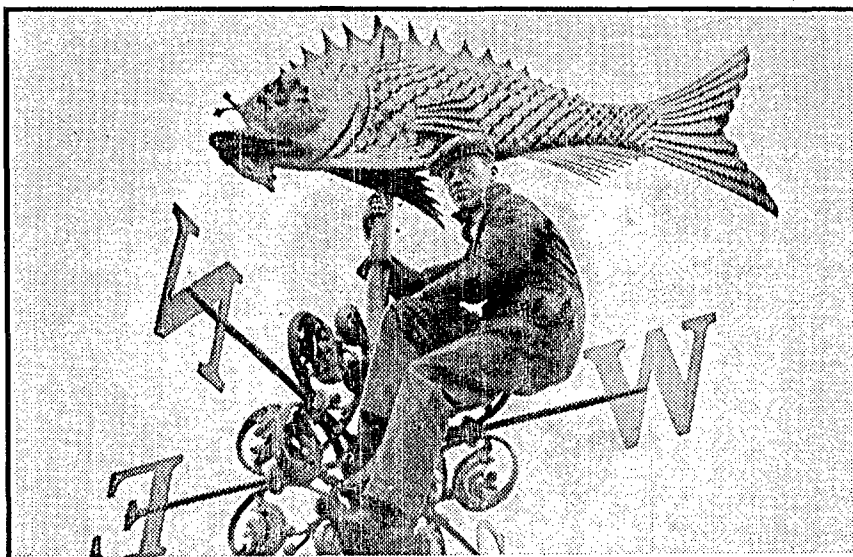
MINERS in many parts of North America are unhappily in as great straits as our own through the closing-down of mines. Heartening accounts of splendid service given by American Friends come to us over the water.

The need is greatest in West Virginia and Kentucky, and there the Quakers began their good deeds. Feeding the children came first, and since early October meals have been provided day after day in an increasing number of schools. Fathers and mothers helped when and where they could, mothers by taking turns with the cookery, fathers by making tables and repairing stoves. Generous friends have given funds for food and 25,000 children are expected to enjoy one good meal a day throughout

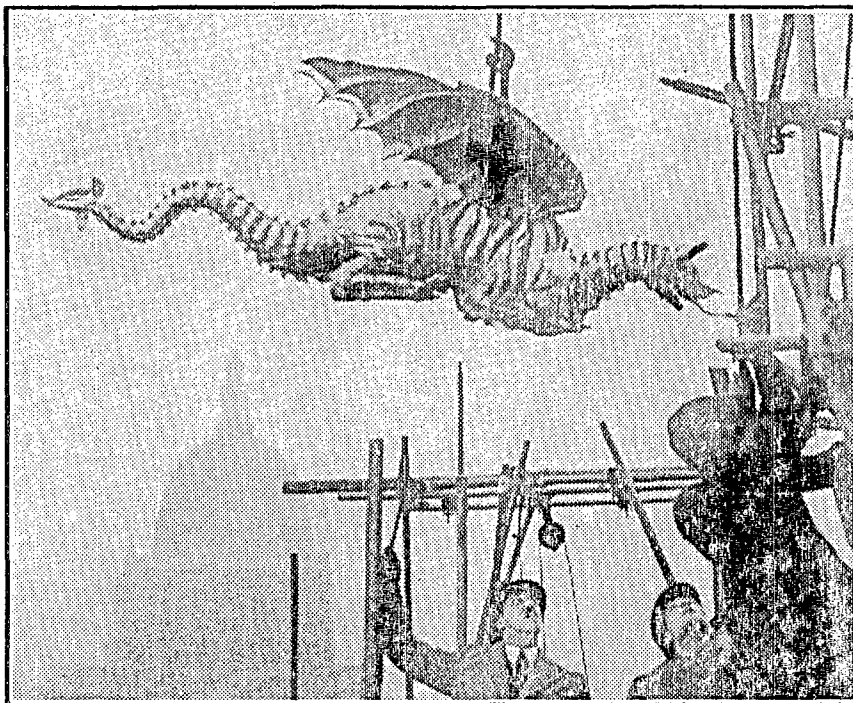
the winter. One difficulty to be met is the lack of clothes, particularly boots and shoes in which even to go to school for these free dinners, and wide appeals are being made.

That such distress as this should exist in the United States, lately so amazingly prosperous, has come as a great shock to its citizens. The Children's Bureau and the President's Committee on Unemployment set about finding the best people to help, and applied straightway to the Friends, remembering their devoted service in the famine regions of Russia and the war-stricken areas of France. Their Service Committee in Philadelphia, with other centres in the West and South, is able to call upon many good Friends to take up this work.

THE FISH AND THE DRAGON



The dolphin of Billingsgate Market



The dragon of St Mary-le-Bow

These two weather-vanes, familiar to Londoners, have lately been regilded.

FARMER VOLKOFF AND HIS DONKEY

COMING home from the cattle market at Plevna Farmer Dimitri Volkoff got off his donkey.

He had sold two oxen in the market and he thought it would cheer him up on the long road home to count his money. He had not done so badly: he had been paid 16,000 Bulgarian leva for the oxen, and that in English money was about £24.

Of this sum 15,000 leva was in notes. They are rather greasy in Bulgaria, but Dimitri Volkoff did not mind that, and counted them out carefully on the grassy wayside.

Then he went carefully and more slowly over the balance, which was in

nickel coins and silver. It was a long business, for Volkoff, careful man, wanted to make sure there was no mistake before he got too far on his way back to the farm to rectify it.

Suddenly some instinct warned him there was something wrong. Volkoff swung hastily round.

His donkey was making a meal of the notes. The last was just disappearing. Volkoff rode like the wind back to Plevna, the donkey assisting; and no donkey ever was more thoroughly called upon to assist.

It was all in vain. The notes had gone beyond recall. And nobody is the better for them, certainly not the donkey.

INDIA MOVES SLOWLY BUT SURELY GOODBYE AT THE ROUND TABLE

National Government to Carry Out the Nation's Word

WHAT INDIA MUST DO

The Indian delegates to the Round Table Conference have sailed back home fortified by a surer promise of a Federal Government.

Speaking as head of the National Government the Prime Minister repeated with added emphasis every promise he had made as chief of the Labour Government. No clearer pronouncement of our resolve to press forward to the goal of Indian self-government on the federal plan could possibly have been made.

A Commonsense View

When the full conference met to wind up its work, long and remarkable speeches were made on all sides, which gave an impression that many of the doubts and suspicions of the disheartening earlier days of the conference had been replaced by a commonsense view of the problem. The British Government spoke through the Prime Minister, and all who have the true interests of India at heart applaud his utterance.

Mr MacDonald confirmed the previous declaration that the responsibility for the government of India should be placed on Central and Provincial Legislatures, with provisions to guarantee certain obligations during a period of transition and to secure the rights of Minorities. These reserved powers were to be so framed as not to prejudice the progress of India to full self-government.

The Communal Problem

Though the committee in London had not agreed on the communal problem, Mr MacDonald urged the parties to meet in India and present the Government with an agreed solution. This solution must secure for all creeds and classes a due sense of security, that the principle of majority government was not to work in any way to their disadvantage.

If, however, India could not settle the problem for themselves the Government would have to settle it for them.

Mr MacDonald announced that he would nominate a working committee of the conference to carry on in India, and that another Round Table Conference would have to be held. In the meantime he was sending distinguished public men from England to preside over committees in India, who were to investigate the revision of the franchise and the financial problems involved.

The Path of the Future

Two other decisions of interest were made. The North-West Province, now ruled by a Commissioner, is to become a Governor's Province, and Sind is to be a separate Province if financial questions permit.

Mr Gandhi moved the vote of thanks to the Prime Minister, and Mr MacDonald replied in these delightful words:

I do hope we are going away determined to cooperate. It is no good going on any other path. History is full of adventures on that other path.

The path of reason, the path of mutual goodwill, the path of two peoples uniting together to make a road to an aim which we now profess together to have in common, is the path of the future, whatever may have been the path of the past.

We are enlisted in the same cause, and we are bound by the same loyalty, the loyalty to India herself. Do remember to stand shoulder to shoulder with us, to exchange views, and by mutual cooperation, with good luck and good fortune, we shall solve the problems that now confront us and see India stand self-governing and self-respecting in the world.

And so to the Future, with its unfolding new chapter for the Empire.

THE BIG GOOD TURN

CANADA'S SCOUTS AGAIN

What They Do With Old Toys at Christmas Time

SCOUTS EVERYWHERE PLEASE COPY

Boy Scouts all over Canada are now busy working their great plan for bringing happiness into thousands of needy homes at Christmas.

It is the biggest good turn of the year, the Scouts collecting hundreds of old and discarded toys, repairing and renovating them, and finally distributing them on Christmas morning to poor children. In this way hundreds of needy families are saved from the Christmas tragedy of the empty stocking.

The Boy Scout Toyshops have sprung up all over Canada, and the different towns rival each other in gaining the record for the number of toys handled.

How They Go About It

Naturally a scheme of this sort requires a considerable amount of organisation, and careful planning is necessary to make sure that all the toys are mended and ready to be delivered by Christmas morning. This is how the Canadian Scouts go about it.

A vacant shop is secured early in December and big notices put up asking for gifts of old, broken, and discarded toys. Local newspapers and church magazines assist in giving publicity and requests are also sent out to schools.

When a sufficient number of invitations to call for toys have been received Scouts go out and collect them.

The Scouts Toyshop is divided into departments for carpenters, doll-surgeons, painters, mechanics, and so on. Here toys which have come to grief are put into skilful hands to be made whole again. Dolls and Teddy-bears have their limbs replaced; broken-down engines are made to glide smoothly over the rails, rocking-horses to rear with fresh pride, and humming-tops to sing merrily once more. The Scouts hand over the dolls when mended to the Girl Guides, who undertake to dress them.

On Christmas Morning

While all the toy repair shops are going full steam ahead other Scouts are busy obtaining the names and addresses of poor families. A list of all the likely children is made out with the help of the churches and schools. Poor children in hospital are not forgotten.

When Christmas morning comes the Canadian Scouts hire a double-team sleigh for delivery purposes. It is a picturesque sight as the gaily-decorated sleigh goes along the snow-covered streets piled high with Christmas parcels, Scouts singing and shouting, bells jangling, and Santa Claus holding the reins and waving to passers-by.

The delight, as the sleigh stops outside the home of a less well-off family and Santa Claus hands them a Christmas parcel, can well be imagined.

Sometimes the gifts are given to the parents after dark on Christmas Eve or left on the doorstep.

Last year a chain of 147 shops distributed these gifts to over fifty thousand children.

Picture on page 9

WILLIAM ROBINSON'S BOOK

A few months ago William Robinson, aged 14, of St Mary's, Isles of Scilly, went to the rescue of another boy and saved him from drowning.

Now he has been sent a copy of Britain's Lifeboats signed by the Prince of Wales.

Fifty years hence most boys' books will be tattered to bits, and a good thing too—good for printers and publishers and authors! But we know one more book which will be not one bit the worse for all its fifty years.

SAFE IN PORT AT LAST

A Windjammer's Voyage

There is at least one ship's company in London now which must be very glad to be in port, and that is the crew of the good ship Hougomont, which has been unloading in Millwall Dock.

The Hougomont is a four-masted French barque, and she has just brought about 3000 tons of wheat from Australia.

It took her 60 days to plough through stormy seas to Cape Horn, but then her troubles really began. The wind raged with such fury that the sails were ripped out of the rope bolts as if they were paper, and it looked as if there would be no canvas left to carry the ship to port. The gale blew from every direction, buffeting, rolling, and pounding the vessel for days and nights. The seas were so terrific that at times the deck was nearly as steep as the wall of a house, and it was only by desperate clinging to something solid that the crew saved themselves from being swept overboard.

On one occasion it looked as if all were lost, for a huge mass of water descended on the ship and filled it like a bucket. The sailors were floating about the deck like bits of wood, but the next terrific heave so tipped the vessel that the water ran off in torrents, and fortunately nobody was swept away.

A GOOD AFTERNOON

The New Home of the Children's Theatre

We have a word of advice for all C.N. readers in or near London this Christmas. It is this.

If you hear a kind uncle or someone murmur those magic words: "Well, what about a pantomime?" be sure to take him to Cinderella at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage.

Joan Luxton has moved her excellent company from the Children's Theatre in Endell Street to this larger theatre, where there is more room for acting and more room for all the uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, and others who are lucky enough to find themselves there.

The first performance is on December 23 at 2.30, and after that there will be a performance every afternoon, and twice a week at 5.15 as well. Seats are cheap—from 1s 6d to 3s 6d, and anyone who has seen this company at the Children's Theatre will know that there will be plenty of laughter and high spirits with Brember Wills and Joan Luxton as the Ugly Sisters, Arthur Goulet as the Baron, Maud Jolliffe as Fairy Godmother, and Geoffrey Wincott as dear old Choddles.

We wish a Good Afternoon at the Embassy Theatre to as many of our readers as are within reach of it.

A NEW HOPE IN KENYA

Christian Wives Made Free

Christian mothers and their children are to obtain new rights which will advance civilisation in Kenya.

A Bill is now before the Legislature for the purpose.

At present a native woman, though a Christian and married to a Christian, still remains a chattel for the rest of her life, and when she becomes a widow her children are taken from her to become the property of her pagan relatives.

The new Bill gives a legal standing to a native woman as soon as she is married according to the Christian fashion, and when her husband dies she will be allowed to keep her children.

This new law will not only bring happiness to all Christian widows in Kenya but will establish Christianity more firmly in a colony which has a wonderful future before it.

A NEW BRIDGE IN A MORNING

Moving 440 Tons of Steel

During seven hours of a foggy night and five hours of a misty morning engineers have removed an old railway bridge at Eltham in Kent, and replaced it with a new one, 85 feet long, weighing 440 tons.

This triumph of organisation and skill was carried out by the London County Council, who are widening the road below, to the specification of the Chief Engineer of the Southern Railway. The bridge is an important one on the line to Dartford, and it was desirable to divert as few trains as possible. Accordingly the work was planned to take 13 hours on what is the least busy day of the week.

It is good to know that the last rivet was secured three-quarters of an hour earlier than the time-table planned.

As soon as the last night train had passed the mechanics cut away and removed the old bridge. The longer new bridge had been set up on steel rollers close by, and in two hours it was hauled into position in readiness for the work of the welders and riveters. Midday a message was sent to the stationmaster at Charing Cross that the trains could run again.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

The Great Changes

The trade returns show that in October our imports of manufactured articles were greatly in excess of our exports of the same sort.

The figures are remarkable. The imports were valued at £27,200,000 while the exports were under £24,000,000. It is important that we should understand the great change which has taken place. Here are the facts.

In 1913 our imports of manufactures were 164 millions and our exports of British manufactures 411.

In 1929 the imports of this sort were 305 millions and the exports 574.

Last year the figures were—imports of manufactures 283 millions; exports 440.

In January this year our imports of manufactures were nearly 19 millions and our exports just under 29.

In October, as we have seen, our imports were just over 27 millions and our exports nearly 24.

These extraordinary facts will help us to understand why the National Government is dealing with our great excess of imports, which threatens the stability of the pound and affects employment.

WHAT WE ARE MADE OF

What are little boys made of?

Slugs and snails

And puppy dog's tails,

That's what boys are made of!

So says the old rhyme: and now another illusion has been shattered. Dr T. E. Lawson has come along and said that the poem we learned at our mother's knee is false. Boys are not made of slugs and snails at all. He says that Man is made of

Enough water to fill a 10-gallon barrel.
Enough fat for seven bars of soap.

Carbon for 9000 lead pencils.

Phosphorus to make 2200 match heads.

Magnesium for one dose of salts.

Iron to make one medium-sized nail.

Sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coop.

Sulphur enough to rid one dog of fleas.

Of course we do not doubt the doctor's word, yet we feel that he has left something out. For if you take these ingredients and put them into a huge basin and stir till they are well mixed, you still will not get a Boy Scout!

Dr Lawson has improved a little on the nursery rhyme, but he has not written the last word.

40 ROOMS FULL OF SURPRISE

What a Caretaker Found One Morning

TWO HUNDRED BIRDS TAKE TO OFFICE LIFE

Sing a song of sixpence

A pocketful of rye,

Two hundred blackbirds . . .

and there our rhyme must end; for these blackbirds were not baked in a pie, and it would take the Poet Laureate himself to rhyme a large block of offices in Nottingham with rye.

That is where these blackbirds were found, and when they had flown about and shaken some of the soot from their wings on to the manager's desk, the typewriters, and the office boy's blotting paper, it was found that they were not even blackbirds, but starlings.

Nor did they start to sing when the caretaker opened the doors, though probably the caretaker himself gave out a prolonged whistle when he saw the mess they had made.

S.O.S. for a Sweep

Two hundred birds in forty rooms would upset things slightly in any case, but when they chose to come down the chimney like Father Christmas one can imagine the mess they made. In fact, the first S.O.S. sent out by that caretaker was for a sweep.

It is thought the birds lost their way in the fog and decided to descend the chimneys to look for it, or else their one thought was to get out of the cold and into the warmth.

We are sorry for the people in those offices. Probably for months to come heads will be bent over ledgers and clerks will be puzzling over entries which in the end will turn out to be nothing more than the sooty mark of a starling's foot.

SLIPPING DOWN A CLIFF

Remarkable Escape at Beachy Head

Beachy Head has another deed of cool courage and resource written on its lofty brow.

A Londoner, who did not know the perils of walking near the cliff's edge in the gathering darkness, slipped when he made a clutch at his hat, blown off by the rising wind.

In a moment he was over the edge, rolling down the slope. His clutching hands could find no solid hold. He slipped and rolled, rolled and slipped, till his bruised body came to rest on a ledge 400 feet below the top of Beachy Head.

It was a miracle that his fall was arrested there, but the fact that he could slip down so far without being killed or mortally injured is accounted for by the conformation of the cliff. It is not a sheer drop but so little precipitous that in the summer foolish people try to climb up it from the base.

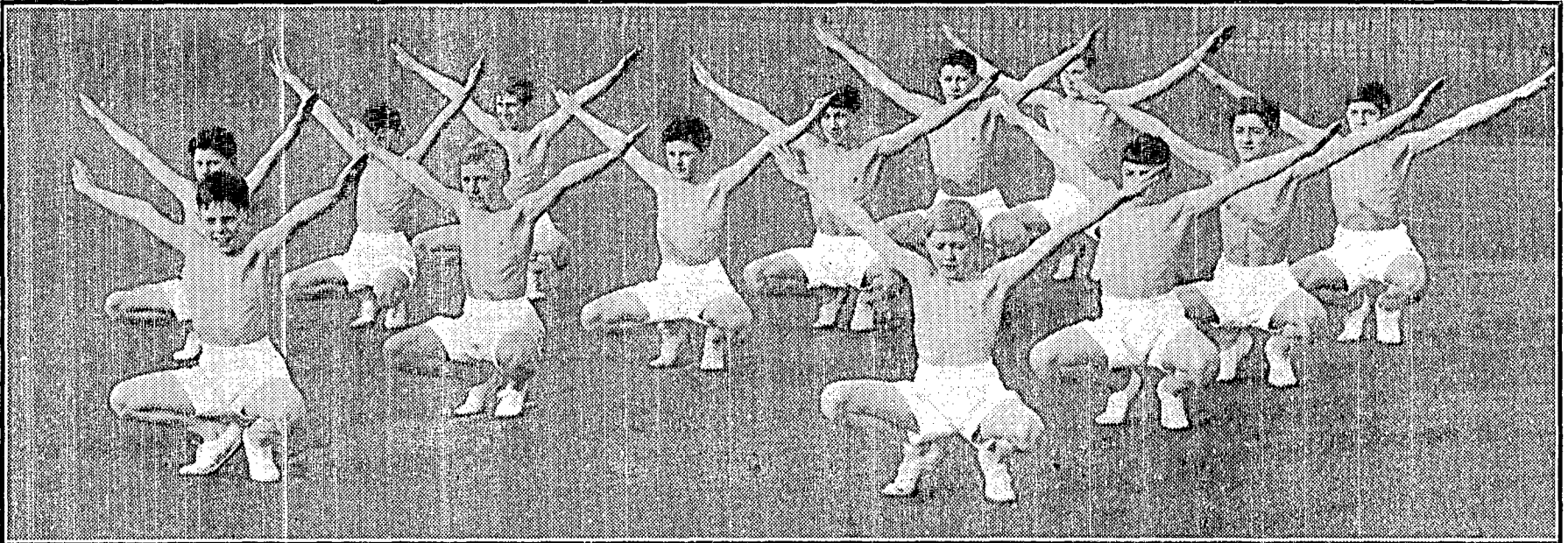
Nobody saw Mr Levy fall over, but somebody saw his hat. A search was then made by the police at the foot of the cliff, and a policeman saw a light about 200 feet up. Mr Levy, unable or afraid to move, was striking matches.

The police then went to the top of the cliff and Sergeant Arnold and Constable Simmons volunteered to be lowered by ropes. A gale had sprung up, rain was falling in torrents, but down they went. Boulders accompanied the descent.

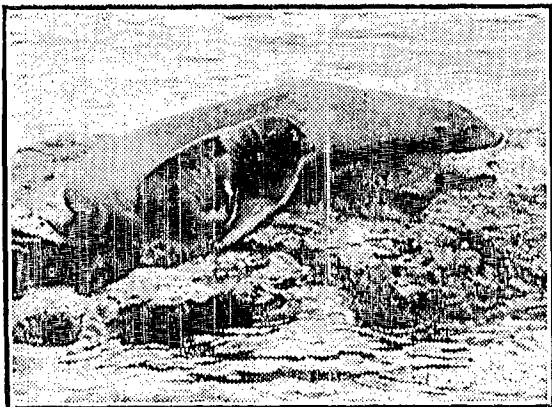
At last they found the fallen man. They got a rope about him and the three were hauled to the top. The rescued Londoner had been there five hours, but escaped with a bruised shoulder and torn clothes. He was probably less exhausted than his resourceful rescuers.

The episode recalls the Eastern proverb, Give a man luck and cast him into the sea.

TOURING ATHLETES · BABIES AT THE ZOO · SHOOTING THE RAPIDS



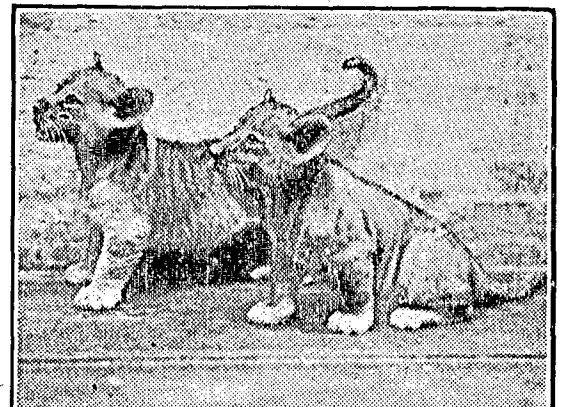
Touring Athletes—These young athletes of the County High School at Leyton are training for a tour in Denmark, where they are to give displays of boxing, football, and gymnastics.



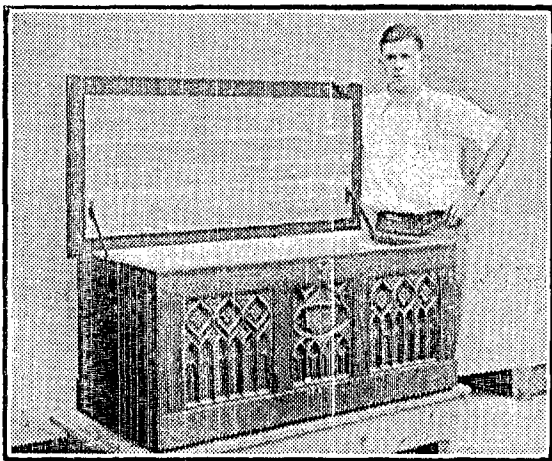
Zoo's New Baby—Visitors to the London Zoo are very interested in this baby Californian sea-lion, which may often be seen sunning itself with its parents.



An Old-World Scene—In these days many ambitious operatic and dramatic productions are attempted by amateurs. Here is a delightful scene from *The Dameak Rose* as presented by Sheffield Teachers' Operatic Society.



The Kitten's Cousins—It is almost possible to mistake this for a picture of two kittens at play, but actually it shows a pair of lion cubs at the London Zoo.



A Valuable Chest—Here is Hugh Morton, of Maine University, U.S.A., with a splendid oak chest he has made in his spare time. It has been sold for £70.



Joan of Arc Standard—This picture shows part of the beautiful Joan of Arc standard to be presented to France through the Anglo-French Luncheon Club. See page 5.



Shooting the Rapids—While in camp these American girls thought they would like to emulate the feats of Red Indians and so tried to shoot over the weir on a nearby stream.



Scouts as Santa Claus—On page 8 we describe how Canadian Scouts repair old toys for poor children. Here is one of their shops, with the stock overflowing on to the pavement.

THE WILD CHILDREN OF RUSSIA

A FINE THING DONE
BY THE KINEMA

How To Use the Films For the
Good of the Country

A PASSPORT TO LIFE

From a Travelling Correspondent

One of the most popular films in Russia this year shows the life of the wild children left all over Russia as a result of war, revolution, and famine.

The picture is called A Passport to Life, and it shows less the lawless life of these abandoned ragamuffins than the methods the State has undertaken to save them from their ways.

The State feels that the unhappy conditions of Russia have produced these children, and therefore they are not to be punished for their misdeeds, but must be led into better ways. For this reason no effort is made to keep them against their will in the homes and schools provided for them. The men who are there to teach them try to be their friends rather than their masters.

An Everyday Drama

The film shows the life of one of these educational colonies for lost children; it shows them learning trades, keeping house, governing themselves. It is not a theatrical picture; it shows nothing but real things happening. It is profoundly stirring. There is nothing more moving than to see young criminals turned into self-controlled, educated workmen before one's eyes and to know that it is true, a drama which is happening every day in many parts of the Soviet Union.

Two of these wild boys seeing bills announcing the movie about the lost children went in. (They are never without money, it seems, though it is best not to inquire how they come by it.) During the showing their eyes grew bigger and bigger. When the lights came on again they looked at one another. "Do you think they'd take us?" said one. "Let's ask!" said the other.

They made their way to the Commissioner for Homeless Children and begged to be sent to the school they had seen on the film. The Commissioner found out that there was room for them and gave them a slip of paper and tickets for the train, and the next day there was a knock at the gate.

Outside stood two ragged boys clutching the paper the Commissioner had given them, their permission to enter, their passport to life.

THE GOOD NAME OF YARMOUTH

He who robs a town of its good name robs it, as Shakespeare says, of something which not enriches him and leaves the town poor indeed.

In order that something may be done to protect the good name of Yarmouth we put on record this experience which has come within our knowledge.

Two ladies, being at Yarmouth at the end of the herring season, wished to send some herrings home. One wished to send a dozen to a house in Hampshire and was unable to do so because the tradesmen would not post less than two dozen. It does not seem the way to help on trade, but it was not dishonest.

The other lady ordered two dozen to be posted to Kent and paid for them, but they did not arrive. We are satisfied that, it being the close of the season, these herrings, which had been paid for by a passer-by, were not sent off, and it is in the interests of all the honest tradesmen of Yarmouth that such practices should be exposed.

We have now spent nearly a thousand million pounds in war pensions.

MUSSOLINI TO THE MEN OF ITALY

Servants of the State
WHAT EVERY MAN
SHOULD FEEL

Signor Mussolini calls upon the men of his country in much the same way as Nelson did: Italy expects every man to do his duty.

A monthly magazine for all Fascists employed by the Government now appears in Italy inspired by Mussolini himself. In the first number he wrote fully on his idea of the position of civil servants in the Fascist State, the extraordinarily fine idea that men live for something greater than their own success or welfare, that their lives are for the service of their State.

This is what he said:

The public servant, from the highest to the lowest, is not a person outside the State but forms an integral part of it. The servant of the Fascist State is not a man who performs a service and receives a wage and who, at the end of his day's work, may take no further interest in the destiny of the State. No; he is a man who in a more or less limited fashion represents the State; the service he renders is thus not an economic act, but an essentially moral act, and his work is a duty.

Signor Mussolini goes on to say that this explains the honour and high standing accorded to all who are in the service of the State. We would like to add that this is the finest doctrine in the world provided that the State itself is regarded as part of the greater world community, not in conflict but in co-operation with all others.

A QUIET GOOD THING

The other day a piece of quiet good work was suddenly brought before men's eyes, as if a searchlight playing over the land had picked out of the darkness a Peace Memorial Cross.

The Queen opened the new headquarters of the League of Remembrance, and so some of us heard about it for the first time.

But Hospitals and Welfare Centres all over the country know about the League. All its members are voluntary workers who undertake to knit, sew, or make surgical dressings in memory of someone killed in the war. Some work regularly at headquarters, but there are country members who are always busy making bedjackets, or surgeon's overalls, or pillow-cases in their own homes.

Such work was common during the war. Cynics said it would die when the excitement of the war was over. But it has grown. The League is 11 years old, and hospitals rely upon it for the bulk of their needlework.

It is a work of much value and of the most endearing modesty.

THE LAUNDRYMAN'S IDEA

Knowing that human beings tend to run along in a rut unless they are encouraged to keep a sharp look-out for shorter paths, a Paris hospital has thought of a way to keep the brains of the entire staff busy all the time thinking out better methods of work. It offers a prize every month to the member of the staff who offers the best suggestion for improving the service.

The prize last month went to the head laundryman for thinking of a better way of cleaning and disinfecting the blankets. The prize was 50 shillings, and the idea will save the hospital every year £80. It pays to encourage every worker in a big institution or a small one to become a thoughtful and intelligent critic of his own work. An idea like this, widely applied, can go far toward helping any country to accomplish the seemingly impossible feat of pulling itself up by its own bootstraps.

ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR FRIENDS

The Books For Boys
and Girls

The old familiar Annuals, with their stories and pictures and rhymes, are as popular at Christmas as ever they were.

First among the favourites is the Playbox Annual (6s), now in its 24th year, with the amusing adventures of the Bruin Boys and stories about Vikings, dragons, Red Indians, fairies, and animals.

Another popular gift book is Tiger Tim's Annual (6s), which also has splendid stories of giants and divers and pirates.

For rather older children there is Puck Annual (6s), full of stories, with hundreds of pictures, conjuring tricks, puzzles, and things to make. Playtime Annual (6s) has many stories and pages in colour, and makes a great feature of picture puzzles. For still older children there is Cassell's Children's Annual at 5s. The Diamond Jubilee volume of Little Folks (5s) also makes an excellent present. It has nearly 500 pages, including two long stories, one for boys and one for girls, pages for music-lovers, and articles on pets and pastimes.

Things Boys Love

The Champion Annual for Boys is also an excellent 6s worth, crammed with things boys love, including absorbingly interesting articles on railways, sailing in the sky, policing the wilderness, stunting for the films, high speed on the water, and savage customs. A splendid volume for boys is the British Boy's Annual at 5s, a big budget of good things.

The annual volume of Chums (12s 6d) needs no recommendation, for it is well known to all boys. Its great volume of 800 pages has 12 fine plates in colour, hundreds of other illustrations, and nine long stories. Here is enough reading matter for a boy for twelve months.

Girls are catered for equally well. There is the Schoolgirl's Own Annual at 6s, with many stories dealing with school, the mysterious East, and so on. There are articles on Girl Guides, things to make, hints on how to form a dramatic society, a talk on costumes for a carnival, and music.

Then there is the School Friend Annual (6s), with several coloured plates, complete stories, and articles on skating, dancing, fancy dress, playtime at the Zoo, and animal actors of the screen.

Good Fiction

Those who wish for a volume made up almost entirely of stories will find the British Girl's Annual at 5s exactly what they want. It is a perfect budget of fine fiction.

Those who prefer a book suitable for either boys or girls will like the Greyfriars Holiday Annual (6s), a substantial volume, well illustrated, with many stories, humorous poems suitable for recitation, and articles of interest to boys and all the family.

Few better Christmas presents could be bought for the young members of the family than these familiar annuals.

THE GEESE OF THE MARNE

For some time the commune of Sunft, on the River Marne in France, has been troubled with the occurrence of short circuits in its electric supply.

As the cause could not be discovered they set a watch and at length noticed some geese which waddled to the top of a pile of beetroots and from there took wing. In their flight occasionally one goose came in contact with the live wires and made a short circuit, thus cutting off the entire commune from its source of light and power.

CHEERFUL NEWS FROM THE ANDAMANS

A Prison Island Reforms
Itself

GOOD TRADE AND GOODWILL

Colonel M. L. Ferrar, lecturing in London on the Andaman Islands recently, gave an account of the life there to the Royal Society of Arts.

The Andamans, a large group of islands situated in the Bay of Bengal, about 700 miles south of the Hooghly, which runs up to Calcutta, have been a penal colony for over 80 years. The convicts were first captured insurgents of the Indian Mutiny, and then political and other offenders condemned to life sentences. Though the islands, of which there are two groups, the Great and the Little Andamans, are not unfertile or unpleasant in climate, they are very much cut off from the world. The inhabitants are pygmies, naked and ignorant, and they are of a very low order of civilisation.

A Welcome Change

For a time contact with the prisoners from the world outside made things worse. What natural good qualities subsisted in the islanders were in danger of corruption; but of late years all that has changed.

It was when the Indian Government realised that Port Blair, the largest island of the group, possessed one of the finest natural harbours in the world that the future of the Andamans began to improve.

Today, as Colonel Ferrar explained, the free inhabitants, instead of being a quarter of the total population, are more than a half. Trade is flourishing, and Aberdeen, the capital and headquarters of government, has been rebuilt on modern lines. Good roads, taxicabs and cars, a picture-theatre, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, clubs and associations for the older folk, social services of many kinds, all are to be found, not merely in Aberdeen but all over the islands.

Modernised Villages

Even the villages have been modernised, and have become well-ordered, clean, comfortable settlements. Yet it is not so long ago since there were no villages at all in the Andamans. The natives had no settled dwellings of any kind, but travelled in their primitive boats from island to island, subsisting upon fish and fruit.

As for the free inhabitants of the islands, many other parts of India might well envy them. Though drawn from different races, religions, and orders of society they live together on terms of complete good-fellowship. There is no political or communal ill-feeling.

We shall have to change our ideas about the Andamans.

THE SILENT CLOG

Another Trade For Lancashire

Another new trade has come to Lancashire, in the wake of a new fashion. It is the making, and the wearing, of the silent clog.

Once every cotton town was filled with the clatter of the wooden clogs of the millworkers as the irons with which they were shod clanged on the pavements. Then fashions changed, and the millworker changed shawl for smart hat and coat and clogs for shoes, and could not be picked out from the ranks of her sister-workers.

Now clogs are being made again in this time of economy, shod with rubber instead of iron. The millworker has taken back her old footwear, but goes to her looms on silent feet.

Even postmen and policemen are using the new clog.

A black cat lost five years ago has returned to its home in Hampstead.

WHERE IS THE SUN LEADING US?

HIGHER AND HIGHER

The Earth's Spiral Ascent Into
the Heavens

OUR JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE

By the C.N. Astronomer

Our Earth will soon have completed what is popularly known as her annual journey round the Sun and come back once more to the Winter Solstice.

On December 22, at midday, the Sun appears at his lowest altitude in the heavens, and on that day England gets her minimum amount of light and heat direct from him. This is known as the shortest day, the Sun in London being above the horizon for only 7 hours and 45 minutes out of the 24.

Now, it is usual to think that because our world has completed its orbit it has come back to where it was on the last December 22; but this is not so. It only comes back to this position relative to the Sun. Moreover, the Earth does not come back exactly to the same position, even relative to the Sun.

In Two Directions

All other celestial bodies have changed both in position and in themselves in the course of that single revolution of our world. The extent to which the Earth itself has changed, together with all it contains and even ourselves, is known, more or less, to most of us.

It is fascinating to wonder whither all this change is leading everything; but we will consider here only one small fragment of the infinity of things, our marvellous little world and whither it is whirling in its annual flight, never returning to the same place again.

This comes about because the Sun does not remain in the same place, even for one moment, but every second gets 12 miles from where it was. Consequently, while the Earth is travelling at the present time at its fastest, and nearly 19 miles a second, in one direction round the Sun, it is also travelling in another direction with the Sun at about 12 miles a second.

The Earth's Speed

So our world's path through space becomes a very different one from that which is generally pictured conventionally as an ellipse that is almost a circle; neither does it travel continuously at 19 miles a second, but sometimes faster, as it travels with the Sun's motion, and then slower, when travelling the opposite way to the Sun's direction in space.

The Sun and the Earth are not, however, travelling in the same plane, that is, on the same level, as on a colossal celestial plate, for the Sun's direction is upward, higher and higher into the starry host toward a point almost overhead about midday at this time of the year. It is travelling to a region of the heavens that appears not far from the brilliant Vega, which may be seen almost overhead about midnight in June and July.

Like a Spiral Staircase

As the Earth is accompanying the Sun in this ascent into the high heavens as she revolves round him our world's upward path in space is like a person ascending a spiral staircase. Performing one spiral a year, our world is consequently about 370 million miles from where it was exactly twelve months ago, and never will it return to where it was.

Higher and higher it ascends with the Sun in a still more stupendous curve, which is part of a much more colossal spiral extending through the Universe. So, though at present our world is ascending thus toward Vega, it will not continue to do so. Its ultimate goal we know not, or even that it has a goal, for perhaps there is no end to this celestial spiral staircase. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Now For the Fourth Ten Thousand

Number of Members—30,113

Our dream is coming true. We were able to announce last week that our numbers had passed thirty thousand. Our Third Ten Thousand has been reached in 53 weeks. North, south, east, and west of the world there are now thirty thousand C.L.N. members working to make peace indestructible and to abolish war for ever.

It is remarkable how steadily the C.L.N. has grown ever since the thought of bringing the boys and girls of every country into a mighty ring of peace first turned into writing at the Editor's desk. Every year it is as if we filled the Albert Hall with new recruits, for every year we have found ten thousand members. Since our first birthday we have thrown a chain of friendship round the world, and every week we are doing a little more to overcome ignorance and prejudice between the peoples of all nations.

Aiming Higher

And now for the future! How long will it take to reach our Fourth Ten Thousand? Always a little higher shall be our aim. So much is at stake. The peace of the future is in the hands of the children of today, many of whom will be the world's leading citizens of the future. C.L.N. members, one and all, are going to try to make a record, and we are hopeful that in only a few months there will be yet another Ten Thousand.

Who will join now and be one of the fourth ten thousand?

Our First Ten Thousand took 51 weeks.

Our Second Ten Thousand took 40 weeks.

Our Third Ten Thousand took 53 weeks.

Who will help to get our Fourth Ten Thousand in 30 weeks?

Nothing would please the Editor more.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of
Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1.

No letters should be
sent to the C.N. Office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

News From the Front—page 2

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is Fei ts'ui?

A form of jadeite with lovely variegated shades of bright emerald green much prized by Chinese ornament makers. The words mean the feathers of a kingfisher.

What is Pearl Grass?

A popular name for the melic-grass, a tall perennial plant with flat leaves and slender panicles. There are 30 species of little agricultural value, but some are useful as pasture.

What Place Has the Shortest High Street?

Alford, six miles from the coast in Lincolnshire, is said to have the shortest High Street in England. There are only ten houses on one side and three houses on the other.

What is the Meaning of the Term Gaol Delivery?

It is the legal phrase used in the commission given to judges when they go on an assize circuit. It means that they are commanded to have every prisoner in the gaol for the assize town delivered from that gaol for acquittal or condemnation at their court.

What Do the Greek Letters in Star Maps Mean?

The letters of the Greek alphabet are used to indicate the stars in a constellation and usually show the relative brightness of the stars, alpha being brighter than beta, and so on. When the Greek alphabet is exhausted Roman letters are used, and after them ordinary numerals.

MANCHURIA AND ITS WONDERFUL BEAN

A Remarkable Modern
Growth

MILLIONS OF TONS FOR
EUROPE

Jack's beanstalk was indeed remarkable, but no more remarkable than the beanstalk of Manchuria, the far-off country in the north of China which is so sorely troubling the League of Nations.

Manchuria grows no less than five million tons of soya beans each year, two-thirds of which she sends abroad, where they go to the manufacture of such varied articles as linoleum, paints, soap, celluloid, rubber substitutes, printing inks, lighting and lubricating oils, sauces, soups, condensed milk, casein, cheese, biscuits, macaroni, flour, confectionery, glycerine, explosives, enamels, varnishes, butter and lard substitutes, salad oil, and waterproofing material.

In China babies are fed on fresh soya bean milk, older children eat bean curd soup, and rice is scarcely ever set upon the table without a small teapot beside it containing a dark brown sauce flavoured. Without any doubt the soya bean is the most valuable and versatile bean in the world, and over three-fifths of the world's supply is grown in Manchuria.

Increasing Population

The virtues of this bean have been known to Europe only in recent years. The first hundred tons were shipped to England in 1910; now three million tons are exported every year. This rapid growth in the bean market means that many more people can now find work in Manchuria than ever before, so that it is not surprising to learn that the population has increased from 12 to 20 millions in the last 20 years. These millions, scattered over an area more than ten times the size of Ireland, do little to alter the traveller's impression that Manchuria is a vast, lonely waste, for, in spite of the growing recognition of the great usefulness of the soya bean, the farmers are by no means prosperous.

Simple peasants that they are, they were easily persuaded by a military leader to permit him to control the selling of the beans to foreign countries. The crafty war-lord sold the beans well enough, and saw that his creditors paid him in silver; but he paid the farmers in paper money which had no real value.

WHO WAS LEONARDO?

Born Italy, 1452. Died France, 1519.

One of the most richly-endowed of Nature's sons, Leonardo da Vinci excelled in art, in sculpture, in all forms of engineering, in music, and in writing.

His father was a Florentine notary, who gave him the advantage of study under the greatest masters of the age. But it was as engineer to the Sultan of Cairo that the artist first attracted attention. He resumed the old life years later, when he was appointed to drain the plains of Lombardy, as well as direct the Court pageants. Few of his paintings remain. One, however, The Virgin of the Rocks, is in the National Gallery, London.

His famous Last Supper, still, after four hundred years and in spite of many restorations necessitated by damp, one of the greatest art treasures in the world, was painted on the refectory wall of the Santa Marie delle Grazie Convent, Milan. His most notable sculptural work was the equestrian figure of Duke Francesco of Milan, a colossal and noble statue, which the French destroyed in 1800. Apart from his great subject pictures he painted many lovely easel pictures; but the student now must rely mainly upon his drawings, of which many collections exist in England and on the Continent.

Dullness
Feverishness .
. . Inertia . . .
DEFEATED

Speedily and Safely
THIS
WAY!



Nothing tunes-up little systems and restores glowing, energetic health more speedily than Feen-a-Mint. Mothers all over the country know that the minor ailments from which children suffer are usually caused by poisons which clog the system. These must be removed quickly, otherwise danger threatens. Feen-a-Mint, because it is so pleasant to take (children love its sweet mint flavour); because its action is so utterly natural; because it is definitely non-habit forming, is the safest laxative to give. Keep a box handy in the home. 1/3 buys enough for several weeks.

Feen-a-mint
The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box; or post free from the manufacturers.

★ FREE SAMPLE—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to
FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LIMITED
14 Bush House, London, W.C.2

Someone
is going
to have
a good
time!



WHY NOT YOU?

PLASTICINE OUTFITS

have always been a welcome

GIFT AT XMAS.

The New "Octagon" Box

has 8 Colours, Tool, etc., and
sells at 1/6, or by post 2/-.

May we send you a few particulars and
our lists? Post free on request.

Ask about

"NOVLART."

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE
LIMITED,

18, BATHAMPTON, BATH.

More Hornby Train Improvements

LONGER RUNS— HEAVIER LOADS

Still better Hornby Trains this year! New locomotives with stronger mechanisms that give longer runs. Further improvements in Rolling Stock, and many new types added. A wider range of Railway Accessories to make your model railway even more realistic. Every item exhaustively tested—every part one hundred per cent. efficient.

Hornby Clockwork Locomotives are the longest running locomotives in the world. In a recent test a Hornby No. 1 Locomotive ran the amazing distance of 182 ft. on one winding! Hauling three No. 1 Pullman Coaches, the same locomotive ran 150 ft. on one winding.

This must be a Hornby Christmas for every boy who is keen on model trains! Get a copy of the Hornby Book of Trains described below and make your choice now. If you prefer to have an ordinary price list, you may obtain a copy of Catalogue No. 6 from your dealer, free of charge, or direct from Meccano Ltd., price 1d. Write to Department AD.

PRICES OF
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FROM
5/- to 85/-

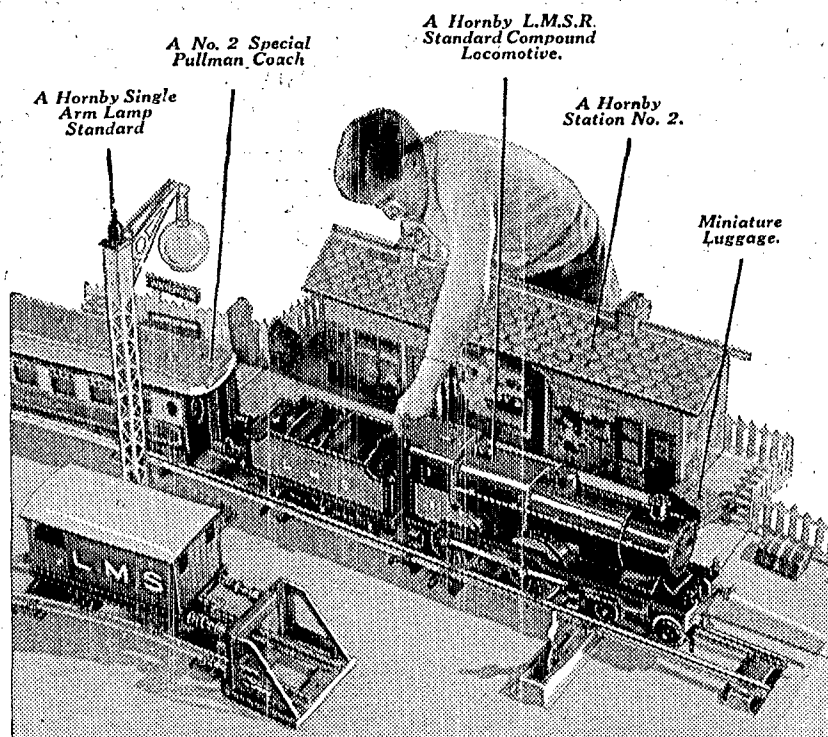
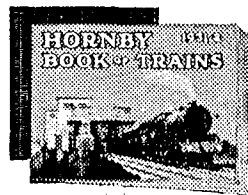


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THE DANGER TRAIL Serial Story by T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 21 The Lost Village

THE wind was so bad that they decided to rope themselves together, then, with Derek leading, started off across the knife-edge.

Derek did not like it at all. It was not merely the great gusts of wind, which threatened every moment to tear them from their hold and send them whirling into the depths; it was not the sleet which stung their faces and filled their eyes; what frightened him more than anything was the thought that they might find that this knife-edge broke off altogether.

Every now and then he had to stop and cling as a furious gust swept down upon him. His fingers were numb with cold, and the icy wind drove through his soaked clothes and chilled him to the bone. The rock was slippery with the freezing rain, which made it all the harder to keep his balance. He wondered how Kespi was making it, and once or twice glanced round to see. But the wonderful old man was carrying on in his usual quiet way.

Derek was first, then came Tod, Kespi was third, and Manacan last. They were roped about twelve feet apart. A savage gust shrieked out of the void, forcing Derek to stop and cling with knees and hands. Suddenly he heard Tod call out.

"Say, am I crazy or is this mountain moving? Feels to me that she's rocking in the wind."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there came an ominous cracking, and Derek felt the rock quiver beneath him. Looking back he saw the section on which Tod was sitting beginning to settle.

The rock was sandstone, which is always brittle, and this ridge, exposed through the centuries to fierce sun, biting frost, and furious storm, was seamed with a million cracks. It was in no condition to stand the extra strain of even the weight of a few men. Derek could do nothing except grip with all his might, and his soul went sick within him as he saw a huge V-shaped section of the knife-blade slide slowly from its place.

But Tod had felt it going, and with wonderful quickness flung himself forward. As the great mass slid downward with a dull roar into the unseen depths he just managed to gain the firmer rock close behind Derek, and cling there breathless, for the moment unable even to speak. But he soon recovered.

"Kind of a hairbreadth escape," he said presently to Derek, and if his voice was a bit shaky he managed a grin.

"I—I thought you were gone," gasped Derek.

"Guess you'd have held me all right," replied Tod. "Cheer up, old son. We have to get Kespi and Manacan across."

Derek drew a long breath and tried to steady his jumping nerves.

"Praise be, there's the rope," he said. "Kespi," he shouted, "how's the rock your side?"

"It strong," piped the old Indian. "You no trouble. Manacan and I, we cross."

"Wait till we anchor it," Tod called. "Say, but the old lad's got the heart of a lion," he added to Derek, who nodded and began to untie the rope from round his body. Tod did the same, then Derek fastened the rope round a projecting knob and tied it with a jam knot.

"Think she'll hold?" whispered Tod.

"Rope's all right," Derek answered.

"I think the rock is too."

"I'm turning round," said Tod. "Got to be ready to give the old lad a hand if he needs it."

It may not sound much, but think of reversing your position when sitting on a knife-edge of rock with your two feet dangling over empty space and a thundering gale trying to pluck you from your hold. Derek held his breath while Tod did it, but he did it safely.

"All set, Kespi," cried Tod. "Come right along."

Kespi came. With his thin old body dangling by his skinny arms, he made his way hand over hand along the wet, slippery, sagging rope. The wind tore at him so that he swung like a pendulum, but he kept perfectly cool, and at last Tod was able to grasp him and drag him on to the ridge.

Then came Manacan, but in spite of his crooked back the Indian was very strong and swung quickly across.

"Guess we'll have to cut the rope," Tod said, and Manacan, stretching out as far as he dared, cut it. Luckily there was plenty of it and they were able to tie themselves again. But before starting afresh Tod had to turn back to his old position.

Their perils were not yet over for they had still to face a long crawl across the narrow, wind-swept ridge. Compared, however, with what they had already been through this was child's play. A hundred yards farther on the knife-blade began to widen again, and they were able to get to their feet once more. Yet they were still on this terribly exposed ridge, there was not more than two hours of daylight left, and the storm raged with unabated fury.

Kespi looked at the sky. "I think him rain stop soon," he remarked.

"Can't be too soon for me," said Tod. "I'm wet to my bones."

Kespi was right, for within a quarter of an hour the storm cleared as swiftly as it had come and the Sun showed among scurrying clouds.

"Now, maybe, we'll find some way down," said Tod. "Yes, sure, there is a way down," he added, as he pointed to the left where the sheer precipice gave place to a sort of giant's staircase dropping for many hundreds of feet to a broad valley.

Derek caught Tod's arm.

"Smoke!" he exclaimed, pointing to a curl of grey vapour which rose in the distance. "Must be a village."

Kespi screwed up his eyes and stared hard at the distant smoke.

"Him village," he agreed. "We go."

None of them ever forgot that journey. Tired already with their fearful scramble, stiff with cold, soaked to the skin, the climb down that rock staircase seemed endless, and even when at last they reached the bottom they had a long three miles to tramp before they gained the village.

These Andean villages are always poor places, but this one was worse than any the boys had seen. In the cold twilight it had a most desolate and forlorn appearance. It lay in a hollow, protected from the wind on the eastern side by the ruins of an old Inca temple. The houses looked to be almost as old as the temple.

"Whole place looks as if it were dying of old age," observed Tod.

"There's fire and shelter from this wind," said Derek. "So long as I can once get warm and dry again I can put up with pretty near anything else."

But Tod still hesitated.

"Those fellows have seen us, but not one of them is paying any attention. Odd, isn't it, Kespi?"

Kespi nodded. "I think something wrong, but we soon see."

They were not long in finding out what was wrong. As they came into the one street of the village a man met them.

Not an Indian. His skin was almost white, but it was his size that was the most striking point about him. He stood well over six feet, and weighed as much as two ordinary men.

His great head was crowned with an immense black felt hat of the sort cowboys call the two-gallon hat. It had a curly brim and was decorated with a silver band. Under it showed a huge, hooked nose and a wide, thin-lipped mouth. He wore black, bell-mouthed trousers, a fine white shirt, and a short, red jacket. Altogether such an astonishing figure to find in this forsaken village that the boys could only stare in silent amazement.

CHAPTER 22

An Outsize in Villains

THE giant glared back. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he demanded in thunderous Spanish.

"Travellers caught in the storm," Derek answered in the same language.

"We seek shelter for the night."

"Where do you come from?" questioned the big man harshly.

"From over the mountains," replied Derek. The man's manner annoyed him intensely, but he did his best to be polite.

"A lie!" retorted the giant. "There is no pass!"

Tod had been growing restless. Now he got really cross. "What do you know about it?" he snapped. "I'll lay you've never been there to see."

The huge man looked down on Tod and his lips curled.

"The cockerel crows loud," he said scornfully. Then he laughed. "It is shelter for the night you seek," he went on.

"It would be churlish to refuse it. Come with me."

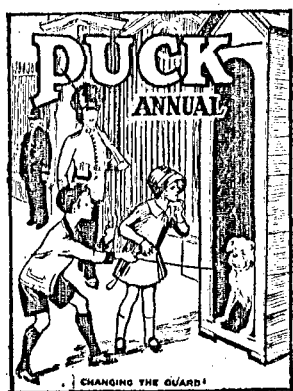
Tod hesitated. There was a watchful look in his eye.

"I don't trust this big lout," he said to Derek in English.

Derek glanced at Kespi and Kespi made a little sign which showed he understood.

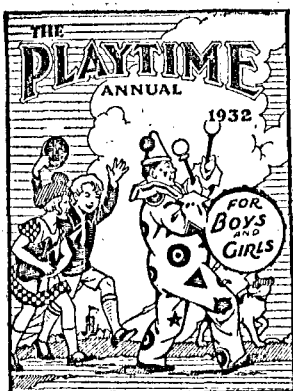
Tod had to turn back to his old position.

Continued on page 14



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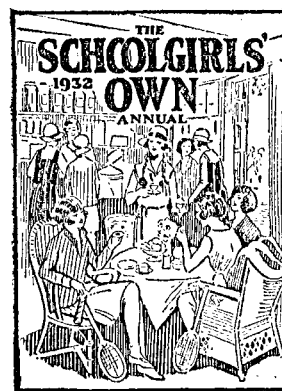
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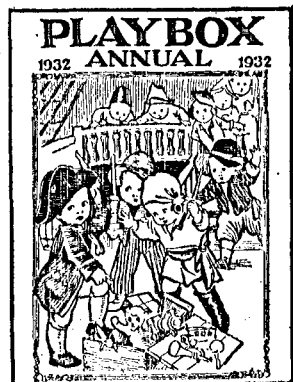
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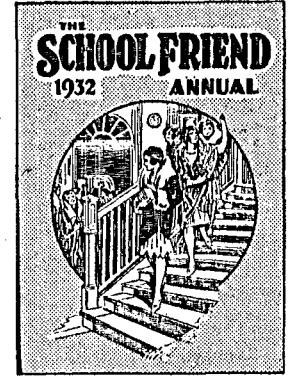
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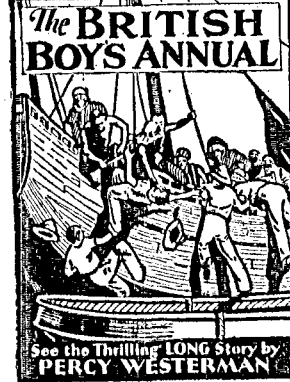
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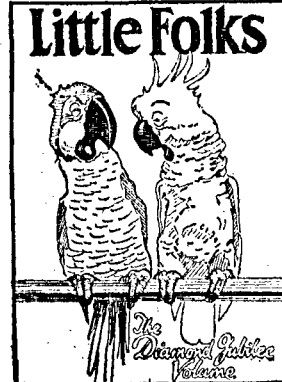
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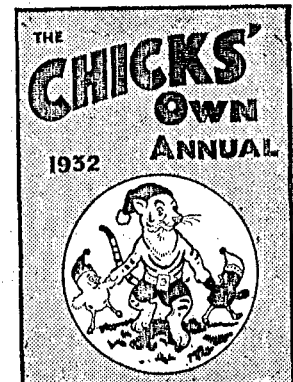
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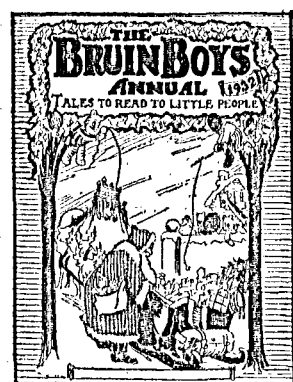
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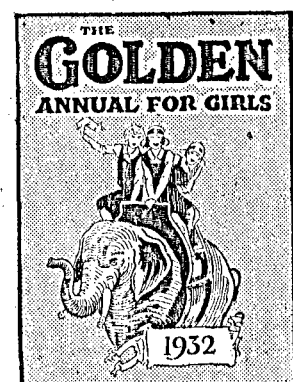
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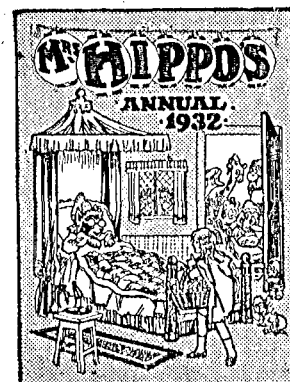
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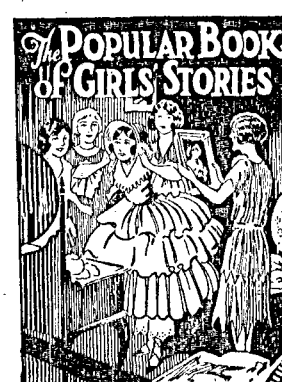
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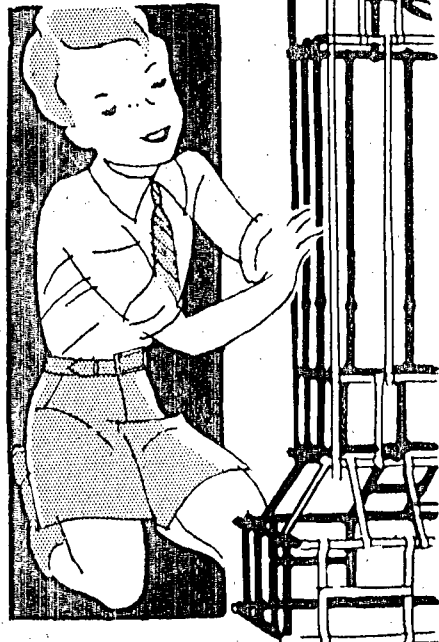
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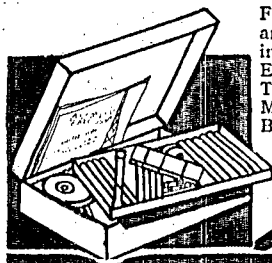
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Continued from page 12

The giant led them up the ill-smelling street toward the great ruin which crowned the slope. It was curious how empty the place seemed and yet they had seen Indians in the street when they first arrived.

"A big man needs a big house," he said, but Derek caught a sneering tone in his voice and was more watchful than ever. Wide stone steps led to a platform on which the building stood. The walls were made of monstrous stones fitted so closely you could hardly see the seams. An arched entrance was closed by a door which, though old and massive, was not so old as the building itself. It was secured by a heavy bar.

The giant lifted the bar as if it had been a feather. He was enormously strong, yet Derek, who had been watching him, realised that he was fat and out of condition. Inside the place was very dim, but there was light enough for Derek and Tod to see a slope leading down into a great empty room.

"Enter," said the big man, but he stood aside for them to pass; and that confirmed the suspicions of the boys that he meant to trap them. One quick sign passed between Tod and Derek, then like a flash both flung themselves together at the giant. They drove at him like two young rams. It was the very last thing that he had been expecting and, caught unawares, he staggered backwards and sat down on the solid stone with a force that knocked every bit of breath out of his huge body.

Quick as thought the boys sprang back, banged the door shut, and dropped the bar into its slot. A queer, high cackle sounded. For the second time since they had met him the boys heard Kespi laugh.

"But what price his getting out?" asked Tod, in rather a scared tone as the great door shook under a fierce assault and a bellow that would not have disgraced the largest sized bull came from the inner side. Kespi pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"I no think he quite big enough to break that door."

"Gee, but he's trying hard enough," said Tod. "Sounds like a mad elephant at work."

Truly the row was appalling—bellows of fury, threats, and thundering blows. The noise echoed all down the street, and Indians came pouring out. Derek was the first to see the crowd.

"Here's trouble!" he exclaimed. "They're coming to rescue their Chief."

"Coming to rescue nothing!" retorted Tod. "Look at their faces. They're as pleased as a cat with a jugful of cream."

Tod was right. The Indians, a poor, half-starved-looking crowd, had a look of incredulous joy on their thin faces. One, who seemed to be a chief, came up to Kespi and saluted him respectfully, and he and Kespi talked in their own language.

Kespi turned to the boys.

"He say this man name Sporana. He come year ago. Say he collect taxes for Government. But he no go away. He stay here and take all they have. He beat them if they no give him food and money. They all hungry and tired, and Chief say he most glad you put Sporana in prison."

Tod laughed.

"Tell him we don't want any money, but we'll be glad of some grub and a fire."

Kespi nodded. "He say all they have is ours. He take us to Sporana's house."

Derek looked again at the door of the temple. Sporana was still pounding and roaring.

"Ask this chap if he's safe in there, Kespi," he said.

Kespi did so and the other assured him that even the giant could not break down the door, so, feeling relieved, Derek and Tod followed the Chief down the street. He took them to the largest house in the place. Outside it did not look much, but the inside was full of surprises. There was actually a carpet on the floor and a table and chairs, which must have been brought up from the low country. Best of all, there was a stone fireplace with a good fire in it.

Esquina, the Chief, told them that food would be brought, and they hurried to get off their wet things and rub themselves dry. Then they sat wrapped in blankets and ate an excellent supper while their clothes steamed in front of the fire. Tod finished his coffee and looked up.

"I wonder how our fat friend is getting on, Kespi," he chuckled.

Before Kespi could reply the door burst open and Esquina rushed in.

"Sporana, him got out," he said. "He find another way."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO GETS LOST

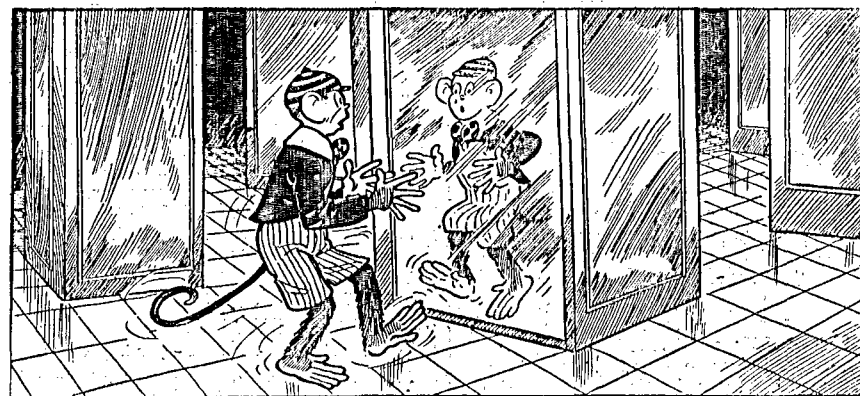
ONE of Monkeyville's latest attractions was an indoor Maze, where children paid threepence for the fun of losing themselves and finding their way out again.

It was some little time before Jacko decided to part with his pennies, though he loved the excitement of hanging around outside.

realised, alas! that his money had gone too. "No sign of a surprise either!" he muttered with disgust.

The more Jacko tried the more bewildered he got, and soon it was clear that he was hopelessly lost.

As he was entering a rather gloomy passage he saw another boy coming toward him.



Jacko was talking to himself

But the showman was keeping an eye on him, and one day he called out: "Look here, my lad, it's high time you made up your mind to come in."

Jacko's hand wandered to his pocket. "You'll get a surprise inside," said the showman, "and your money back if you're out in five minutes."

That settled it. Jacko paid up, and a door promptly opened. The next second he found himself in a network of little passages.

"Coo!" he chuckled. "I'll soon see my threepence again." And he started off, running first one way then another.

But it wasn't so easy as he expected. And when ten minutes had gone by he

"Hello!" shouted Jacko. "Glad to see you!"

The boy stared back at him, but he made no reply.

"Lost your way, too, I suppose?" said Jacko, determined to be friendly.

The other boy came nearer, but still he didn't speak.

This made Jacko furious; it was what he called being downright starchy.

"I'll pull your cap off if you don't answer," he cried, flinging out his arm.

But it wasn't the cap he touched, it was something cold.

And then Jacko got his surprise. He found he was talking to himself in a mirror!



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The Good BEEF SUET

Mincemeat.

1lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1lb. Currants. 1lb. chopped Apples. 1lb. Brown Sugar. 1lb. chopped Raisins. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Citron Peel. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Orange Peel. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. 1 Lemon. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg, grated. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Salt. 1lb. chopped Sultanas.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of the lemon. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

Christmas Pudding.

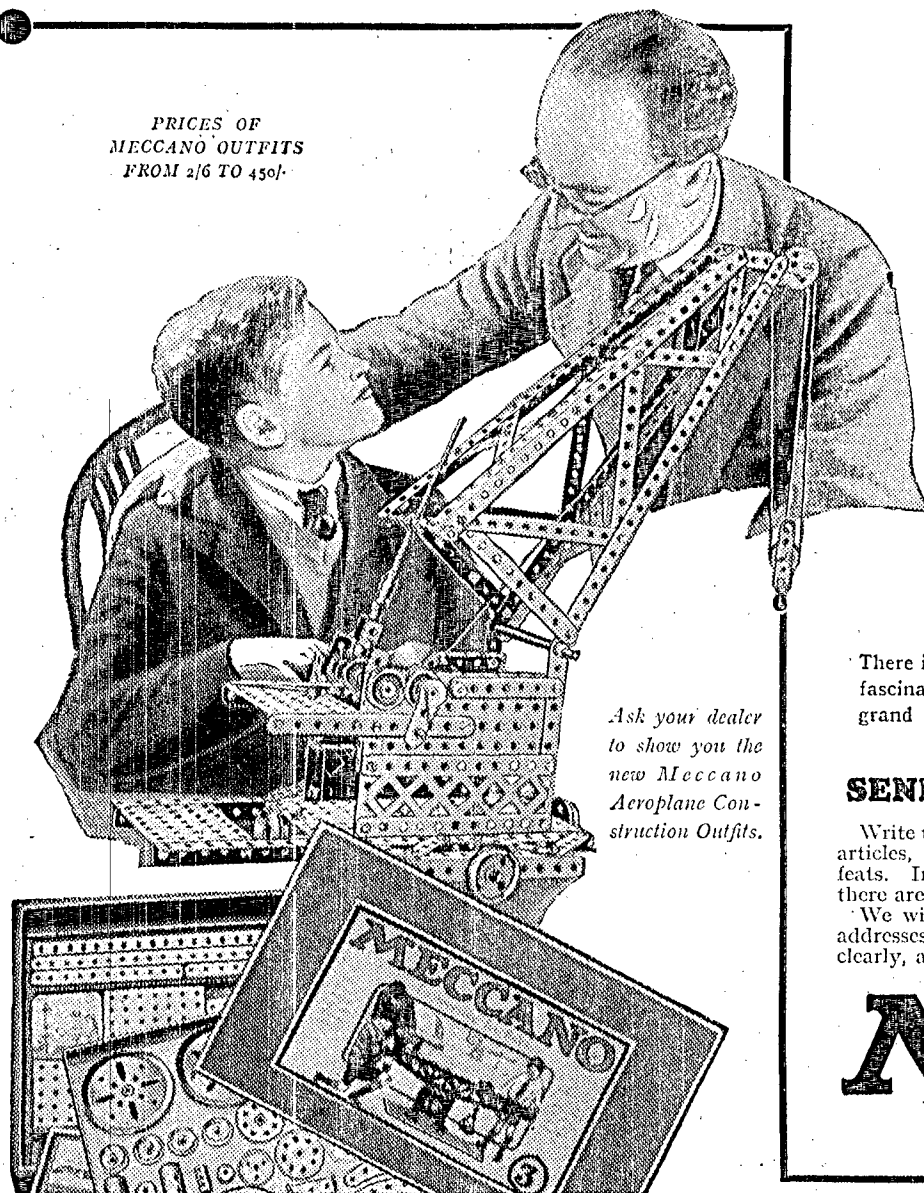
1lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 2lb. Raisins. 1lb. Currants. 1lb. Sultanas. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Peel. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonful Baking Powder. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Flour. 2oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1lb. Breadcrumbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

These recipes are taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 19, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

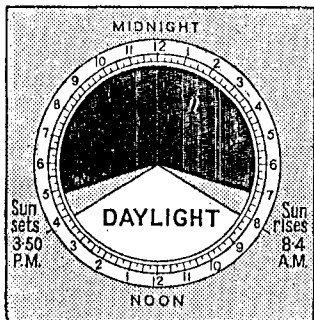
THE BRAN TUB

The Shopkeeper's Toffee

A SHOPKEEPER went to his wholesaler and wanted to buy a hundred slabs of toffee at 5d, 1d, and 3d in such numbers that the total cost would be 8s 4d. He wanted twice as many at 1d as at 3d.

How many of each did he buy?
Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week, December 22 is the shortest day.

How They Worked

Balzac. One of the most prolific writers of all time was Balzac. In one year he wrote seven novels, and often worked all through the night until the break of dawn. One night he wrote eighty pages of one of his best-known books. When he was ill his doctor told him that he had only a week to live.

"A week?" said Balzac. "There is time to write another book."

A Riddle in Rhyme

Me the contented man desires;
The poor man has; the rich requires;
The miser spends; the spend-thrift saves;
And all men carry to their graves.

Answer next week

Mixed Rhymes

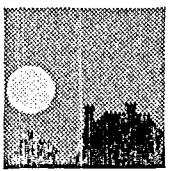
HERE is an amusing game for a party. Provide all players with paper and pencil and ask them to make up verses with lines taken from familiar nursery rhymes, as in this example.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
A pocket full of rye;
The mouse ran up the clock
Eating a Christmas pie.
When the pie was opened
The cow jumped over the Moon,
With one shoe off and the other shoe on,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

The fun will begin when the attempts are read out one by one.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South-West. In the evening Venus, Saturn, and Mars are in the South-West; Uranus is in the South, and Jupiter is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on December 24.



A Charade

WHEN frost and snow o'erspread the ground
And chilly blows the air,
My first is felt upon the cheek
Of ladies bright and fair.
In Earth's cold bosom lies my next,
An object most forlorn,
For often cruelly it is used,
And trampled on with scorn.
Amid the dismal shades of night
My whole is bright and gay;
Though dark and gloomy it appears
Exposed to open day.

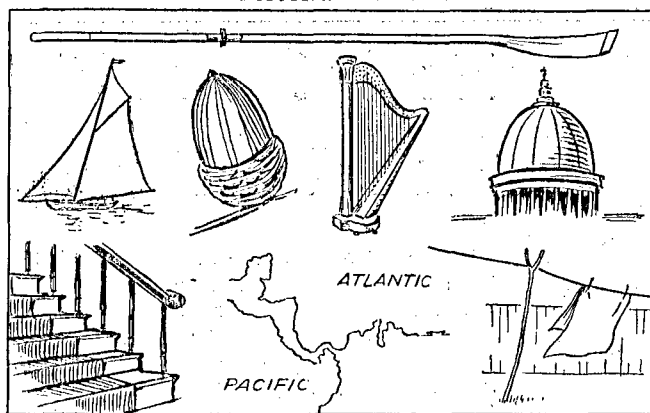
Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to November 21 are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1931	BIRTHS 1930	DEATHS 1930
London	5258	5319	4052	3758
Glasgow	1685	1679	1195	1121
Manchester	910	976	854	650
Dublin	666	717	465	448
Belfast	657	688	384	355
Edinburgh	542	514	403	404
Newcastle	444	425	261	255
Leicester	269	310	237	194
Swansea	247	200	138	126
Ipswich	97	129	74	76
Gloucester	74	64	61	53
Hastings	64	53	69	59

A Pictorial Acrostic



WHEN the eight words represented by these pictures are placed in the right order the initials and finals will spell two seasonable words.

Answer next week

The Dollar

WE hear a lot about the dollar in these days.

The word dollar comes from the name of an old German coin, the thaler. Early in the sixteenth century a coin was struck from silver from a mine at Joachimsthal; a Bohemian village. Known as the Joachimsthaler it became the thaler to the Germans, and the Dutch called it the daler. In England the name became dollar.

Ici On Parle Français



La robe Le perce-oreille Une oreille
Ces robes ne sont plus à la mode.
Elle a écrasé des perce-oreilles.
J'en ai par-dessus les oreilles.

What Country is This?

IN the ramble but not in the walk,
In the flower but not in the stalk,
In the chair but not in the table,
In the rope but not in the cable,
In the choicest but not in the best,
In the recline but not in the rest,
In the porches but not in the gates,
It's largest of the Barbary States.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

George's Clock
The hands were interchanged.
A Picture Puzzle reader, CEILING, LAMB, FERN—December.
What Am I? A stick.
An Egg Puzzle He kept ducks.
Beheaded Word Price, rice, ice.
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

HOUSE	USE	FINAL
ON	ANT	ELF
PEN	AST	ILY
E	EVENT	SLEEP
SEAR	ELI	RAPT
PADS	AMUSE	SLOE
ISLETS	D	WATERS
THE	OPPOSED	SEE

Dr MERRYMAN

The Final Instalments

AFTER the twenty-first birthday party father addressed his son.

"Now you are of age you should help me a little," he said.

"Certainly, Father; what would you like me to do?"

"For a start you can pay the last two instalments on your baby carriage," said Father.

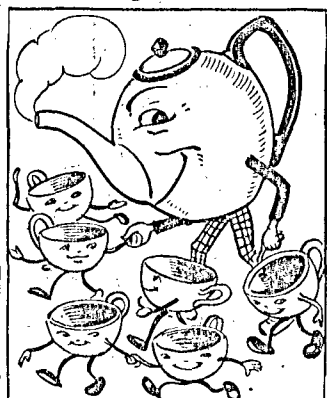
Medical Advice

HE was one of those people who try to get something for nothing.

"What do you take for a bad cold?" he asked a doctor friend one day.

"A fee," replied the doctor as he hurried on.

Going Out to Tea



THIS Teapot is an uncle kind
To all the teacups wee,
And often for a special treat
He takes them out to tea;
He helps the cups down off the shelf
And takes the tea inside himself.

Well Trained

THE youth was applying for a position as assistant to a plumber.

"May I see your references?" he was asked.

"I've left them at home," was the reply, "but I'll run and fetch them."

"That's quite all right; you'll do."

Those Bungalows

WHEN the friends had last met Jones had a cold.

"Well," said Smith, "did you take my advice and sleep with your window open?"

"I did," replied Jones.

"And you lost your cold?" asked Smith.

"No, I did not; but I did lose my watch and my pocket-book."

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

IT was a peaceful, Saturday-night family group.

Mrs. Purlitt was leisurely sewing buttons on to various garments just home from the laundry, in which task she was being ably assisted by Biddy Purlitt, aged four, who had emptied the button-box and was reducing the contents to pounds, shillings, and pence according to colour and size.

Jack Purlitt was also reducing pounds, shillings, and pence, but he was having more difficulty with the job than his sister Biddy, because Jack was nine, and his sums of money were not only sums of money but also money-sums: he was doing his homework.

The whole family shared his strain, and made it a rule to keep quiet till the task was

done. So Mr Purlitt delved deep into his evening paper, while Grandma Purlitt did her part, which consisted of doing nothing at all.

Everything was quiet except for the scrape of Jack's pen and an occasional click when Biddy found another big brown button and added it to her pile of pence. Just a quiet, peaceful, Saturday-night family group.

Then, quite suddenly, the peace was broken. Grandma Purlitt stirred uneasily. "Did you hear that?" she asked.

"Hear what?" Mr Purlitt asked.

"I don't know," answered Grandma vaguely; "just something."

Another pause; they all listened anxiously.

"There's nothing, Grandma," Mr Purlitt assured her.

"Then that's what I heard," snapped Grandma; and they all laughed and settled down again.

It was Mrs Purlitt who made the next move. She quietly put down the shirt she was busy with, listened, and then said, "There is something, Father!"

"Yes, there is!" echoed Grandma.

Another family pause. The buttons ceased to click, the pen stopped, and Mr Purlitt's newspaper remained stiff and silent.

"There's nothing," said Mr Purlitt again, and more emphatically.

"There isn't," answered Grandma; and as this was

THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE

a bit of a puzzle they all laughed again.

Suddenly the buttons ceased to click. Jack was listening. "Mummy," he said, "there is nothing!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs Purlitt, and Mr Purlitt lowered his paper with a sigh.

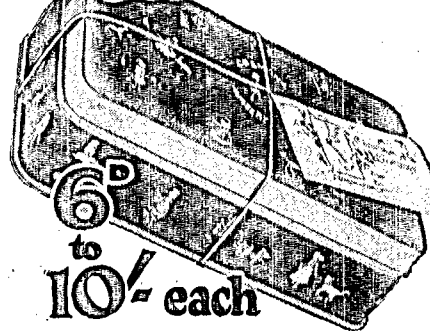
"I don't know," said Jack; "but there's certainly something queer about this house tonight."

"What did you hear?" asked Mr Purlitt.

"Nothing," said Jack; and then added, "The grandfather-clock in the passage has stopped!"

They all listened. The mystery was solved: there was no solemn tick from outside. They had all heard—nothing.

Xmas Gift Tins



6p to 10/- each

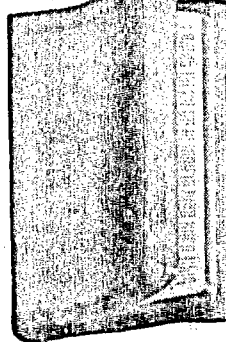
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